SPIN

BOGOTA
A Journalist Takes On The Drug Lords

Crue Stories: On Tour With
MOTLEY CRUE

JUST SAY NO SEX
The Pro-life Brainwashing Of America's Teens

How Rock 'n' Roll Will Save the Planet

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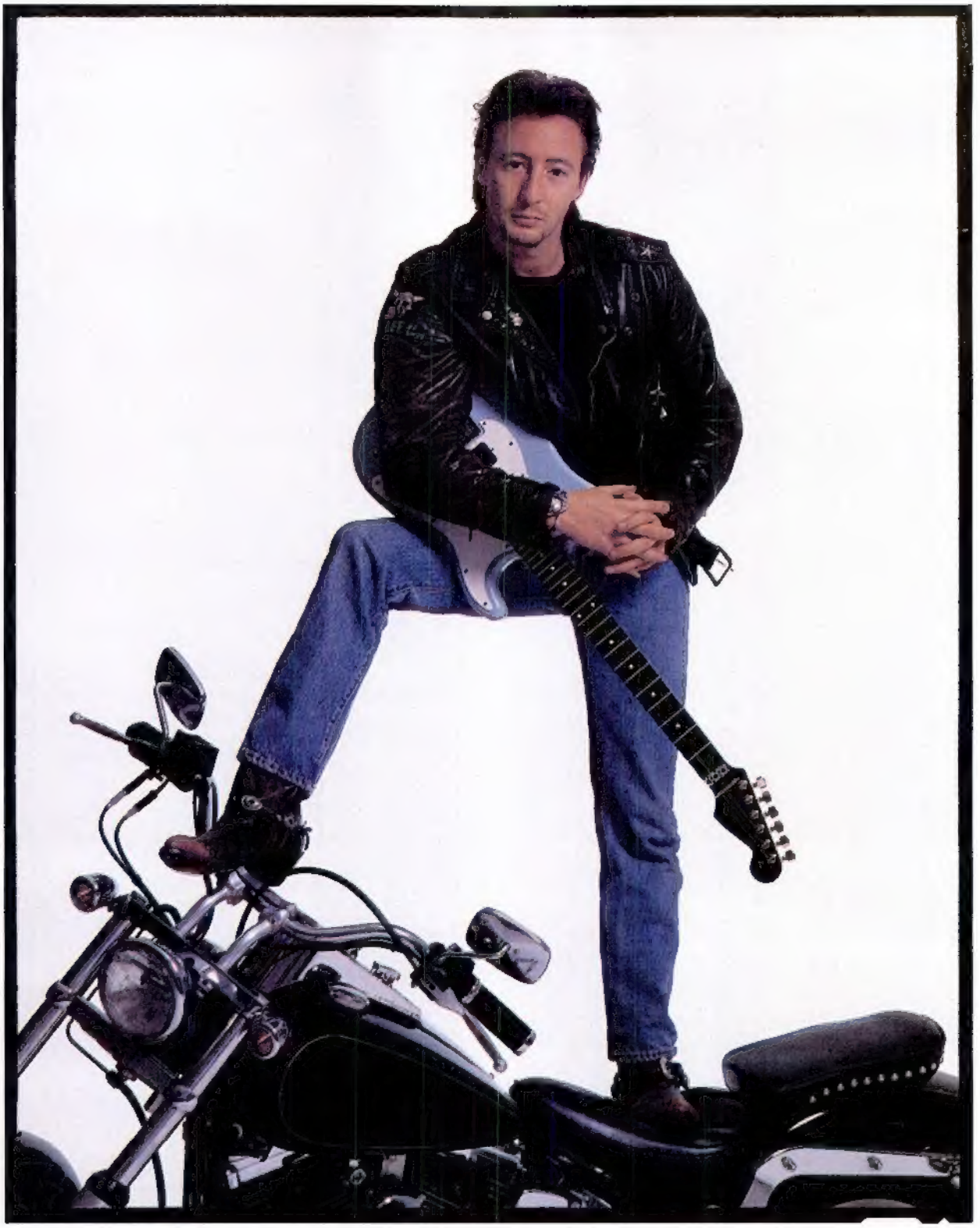

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IN

Volume Five Number Ten
January 1990

Photo above by Ross Halfin
Cover photo by William Hames

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TOP SPIN

You're probably wondering right about now, hey, where's the big end-of-the-decade feature? Like where are all those stories and groovy pics of our heroes of the last 10 years? Like where's Sting, Springsteen, Madonna, Prince, R.E.M., Guns N' Roses, Morrissey and the Cult?

Well they're not here, O.K., 'cause we were all just too fucking bored. Any decade that starts off with John Lennon getting shot and ends with Donny Osmond back on the charts, ain't exactly going to prove a winner. And hey pal, if you want to write about it go ahead, but we're sure not wasting our time, because the 80s was not a very fun place to be at all. At all, at all, at all. So we thought to ourselves, why the hell should we have to relive the worst decade in rock'n'roll all over again because a couple dozen jokers didn't get it the first time?

After the Lennon assassination came MTV—a show featuring rock stars' home movies and boring fantasies. Oh jeez, thanks to MTV we now know how narcissistic skinny musicians with hair in their eyes can be. Yeah, really hip, 24 hours of music and they didn't even show the Ramone's "Psychotherapy" video. Then there were all those commercials on regular TV: Elvis's "Love Me Tender" for dog food, Alice Cooper's "School's Out" for sports cars, Jimi Hendrix's "Stone Free" for bathroom tile cleaner. But the worst was using the Beatles song "Revolution" used to sell Nikes. I could see maybe Uzi machine guns, but aerobic shoes?!?!

In the 80s, attitude became just another tool to move the product, and the product wasn't worthy of being moved. And rock'n'roll attitude became so synthetic and easily manufactured that we even ended up with the first pop culture fascist, Max "Dickface" Headroom, to tell us how to live. I mean, did you see that ad in the movie theater when the kid bought the wrong soft drink and Max up there on screen is tsk-tsking, and everyone in the movie theater starts tsk-tsking and the kid is shamed into going back to the candy counter to buy the RIGHT soft drink? What the hell ever happened to the Un-Cola—I thought that was what America was all about. When did America become about boring, substanceless special effects? In the 80s, that's when.

The decade where, instead of Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll, we ended up with Fear and Addiction and Corporate Sponsors of Rock and Roll. "Pee Wee's Playhouse" is one thing, but trendy, manufactured video images dictating lifestyles and adding to the repression—my god, never before in our history did the outlaws become so acceptable that they then turned around and told us to sit up straight and eat our peas, like that asshole Headroom did. Yeah, and when it wasn't some huge corporation fucking us, we did it to ourselves.

What MTV didn't successfully sanitize and take the life from, there was the annual New Music Seminar, to turn the whole thing into a Shriners Convention. Panel discussions on publishing, promotion and marketing. God, what could be more boring?

A Career in the Music Industry, yeah that's what it came down to. I'll never forget the night I walked into C.B.G.B. and some kids who'd come into town for the New Music Seminar were standing at the bar listening to one of the showcase bands onstage with envy. The kids were in a band, too. But they were only here to promote themselves. So when I walked in, one of the guys handed me his card.

"A fucking card, you're handing me your fucking business card? Oh Lordy Lordy Lordy, what's the matter with kids today? And what are you guys doing standing here listening to this shitty band? Why aren't you out in the alley puking your guts out or at least in the bathroom helping some 14-year-old runaway girl discover the delights of premarital sex?"

"Well, like we're not into that, man, we take our music *seriously*. Like, we want to be around for a long time and want to manage our career with some intelligence. . . ."

"Oh give me a fucking break, this is rock'n'roll, not law school . . . uh, what are you doing?"

Oh Christ, I couldn't believe it, these kids were actually taking notes.

And while we're on the subject of geeks, can anybody tell me where they dug up that guy G.E. Smith, that guy on "Saturday Night Live" who's always leering into the camera right before the show cuts away for a commercial? Is that guy fucking scary or what? Hey, I don't know about you but I thought that show was supposed to be comedy.

Whoa, the 80s was about some scary shit. Not the least of which was Ronald Reagan. I mean, couldn't you tell the guy was an idiot? They talked about the Reagan era like it was the Eisenhower era, but Eisenhower did some shit, like land all those soldiers on the beaches of Normandy and kick the Germans' asses in World War II. Reagan, on the other hand, hosted "Death Valley Days." Listen, didn't you knuckleheads realize that when you put a pinhead in office you have to pay big? That nothing is for free? What, you think the homeless, crack, and a return to Christian Absolutism makes for a wild party? Do you really think the DEA, the PMRC, Senator Jesse Helms's idea of morality, or Bush's rewrite of the First Amendment doesn't involve you? Do you really think you're that special, that you'll be excused when it's your turn?

In some funny way, rock'n'roll used to be about keeping America on the edge, about testing those freedoms, ideals and lofty words every day. About keeping it all stirred up so that you are forced to sit up and think. About trusting yourself enough to delight in your own imagination. Thinking for yourself.

Now rock'n'roll is about Sting's psychoanalysis. About corporate sponsors, careers and institutionalized fun, and *Rolling Stone*'s advertisement: "perception versus reality." A guy with long hair and a folk guitar versus a family of four in a Volvo. Hey, I always hated hippies, but give me the longhaired bonehead any day; at least he might still remember Patti Smith's live version of the Who's "My Generation." In the end, amidst all this glorious feedback, Patti steps up to the mike and says, "We created it, let's take it over."

So let's get on with it. Let's take back the night instead of letting Michelob tell us what to do, dress, think and *feel*. In the 90s, why don't we do the thinking for ourselves?

—*Legs McNeil*

Belinda Carlisle: page 42

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POINT BLANK

Edited by Robin Reinhardt

From Russia With Love

Jon Bon Jovi's article, "Let Freedom Ring," about his Russian experience for the Make A Difference Foundation [November], was the most moving piece by any performer that I've ever read. His accurate and detailed description of the Soviet Union's music fans made my heart go out to them. Efforts such as these prove we all can make an impact toward gaining world peace.

Wendy Turley
Los Angeles, CA

All my life, it has been pounded into my head that the Soviets are the enemy. The media and history textbooks have brainwashed people into forgetting our countries are made up of people and not governments. My great-grandparents were born in Russia. I have read enough newspapers and textbooks to know what the Soviet government is like. In his article, Jon Bon Jovi pointed out that they are not cold and uncaring like their government. They are warm, friendly human beings. It's amazing how in one year, Jon saw what our leaders refused to see for 70 years: the USA and USSR are made up of people and people are all the same—"only the names will change."

Rebecca Prenn
North Miami Beach, FL

By the People, For the People

Two years ago I stumbled upon and bought SPIN when I saw that it had an article on AIDS. I deeply appreciate your efforts to enlighten the public on AIDS issues. I believe the criticism that you have gotten, relating to AZT, is confirmation of the truths you write. If you guys know the real deal concerning AZT ["Sins of Omission," November], then the medical establishment must have known long ago. Why people like Dr Gallo, the CDC and other such institutions are able to get away with pushing AZT and blocking the exploration of the other hundreds of safer, nontoxic, promising drugs is downright scary. I'm glad that I have you. Please keep fighting. Do everything you can, tell everything you know and keep us informed.

Gregory A. Reed
Philadelphia, PA

Congratulations on your superb AZT piece, the most effective presentation of this scandal I've ever come across. You'll be remembered as the brave souls who cared enough to ask out loud the uncomfortable questions that many would prefer not to have raised.

Colman Jones
Toronto, Canada

What if the evidence of misrepresentation and fraud are true against Dr Robert Gallo, the alleged "codiscoverer" of this alleged "virus," and the Burroughs Wellcome Company? Have governmental health authorities ever made timely, proper health prescriptives during in the past 50 years? AZT has been a tragic, horrific mistake for many. A lethal chemotherapy drug being used on patients who, according to Dr. Gallo in a recent interview, may die of the common cold 30 years from now with the "virus." Have Americans lost their common sense and replaced it with a fear of questioning authority?

Clemmer Mayhew III
Delray Beach, FL

Bigmouth Strikes Again

Just as I was sinking into the quicksand of angst, despair and loss of faith in my generation, our planet and the cosmos, I turn to SPIN's readers poll [October] and discover true justice: Morrissey declared a hero and the Smiths listed as one of the best, most underrated bands of all time—with the best album in the known cosmos, no less. I guess as a generation, we do have some history of our own. And you know, that's all a tremulous heart requires.

Brian Hack
Huntington, PA

If I was the editor and publisher of a magazine whose readers voted the Smiths' *The Queen Is Dead* the best album of all time, I would (1) change the name of the magazine to *Idiot's Delight* or (2) sell the magazine and leave the country.

Jeff Briggs
New London, CT

Crying Wolf

In his response to my Public Enemy article ["Do the Right Thing," September], Howard Bloom compares the Nation of Islam to the Klan [Point Blank, November]. Jeez; I wish he'd cited some evidence—like a long history of lynching and poll-booth harassment, for example—so I could read this as anything but racist paranoia. But he doesn't, so I can't. His denigration of Islam—here undifferentiated in all of its sects—as a "well-bankrolled [!], well-organized" anti-Semitic conspiracy is precisely the kind of ignorant religious intolerance that he objects to in Professor Griff. I didn't give Griff a platform for his bigotry in my article; I'm sorry Bloom got one for his in the letters page. The two deserve each other, but I wish they'd both spare the innocent and shut up.

John Leland
Brooklyn, NY

People Are People: In the Soviet Union (l-r) Richie Sambora, Peace Festival organizer Stas Namin and Jon Bon Jovi.

Always Was, Is and Always Shall Be

It's amazing how my life seems to go through so many changes every year. Last year at this time I was running out of a courtroom and flying to Chicago. Throughout the year of heavy touring, recording and being a genuine slut, I think I managed to stay straight only a few weeks out of it all. So now starts another year, almost where the last one began. But instead of running out of the courtroom, I'm back in it—as a matter of fact, in jail. And as for number five Most Decadent Rocker of All Time ["Readers Poll," October], we all know I'm number one with a bullet.

GG Allin
Washtenaw County Jail
Ann Arbor, MI

Hit The High-Tech Groove

Sampling is stealing ["Bite This," November]. How can these acts claim to be artists or musicians? All they do is overdub nursery rhymes over prerecorded music by other artists. Music is supposed to be a form of self-expression by songs and instruments. What happened to the day when the brothers practiced hard to master drums, guitars, etc. Not only has originality and talent died in current black music, but so has the soul.

Roy Rollins
Washington, DC

Guarding the Avant

Frank Owen's claim that avant-garde music no longer exists, except as a marketing tool ["Post Modern," October], is an insult to the artists who are still on the cutting edge, as well as artists who, although they may become popular, continue to make influential, innovative music. Owen seems to think that the mainstream success of bands like R.E.M. and New Order means that they cannot produce innovative music anymore. But they still keep the avant-garde ethic in their music and the fact that the record companies want bands to be profitable, not influential, shouldn't diminish the integrity of their music.

Francis Connor
Girardville, PA

Missing Photo Credits and ERRATA

When will it end? December issue—pgs. 33 and 34 by Jodi Buren.

The director of the Prince films is Albert Magnoli, not Robert McNoley as we reported [News, November].


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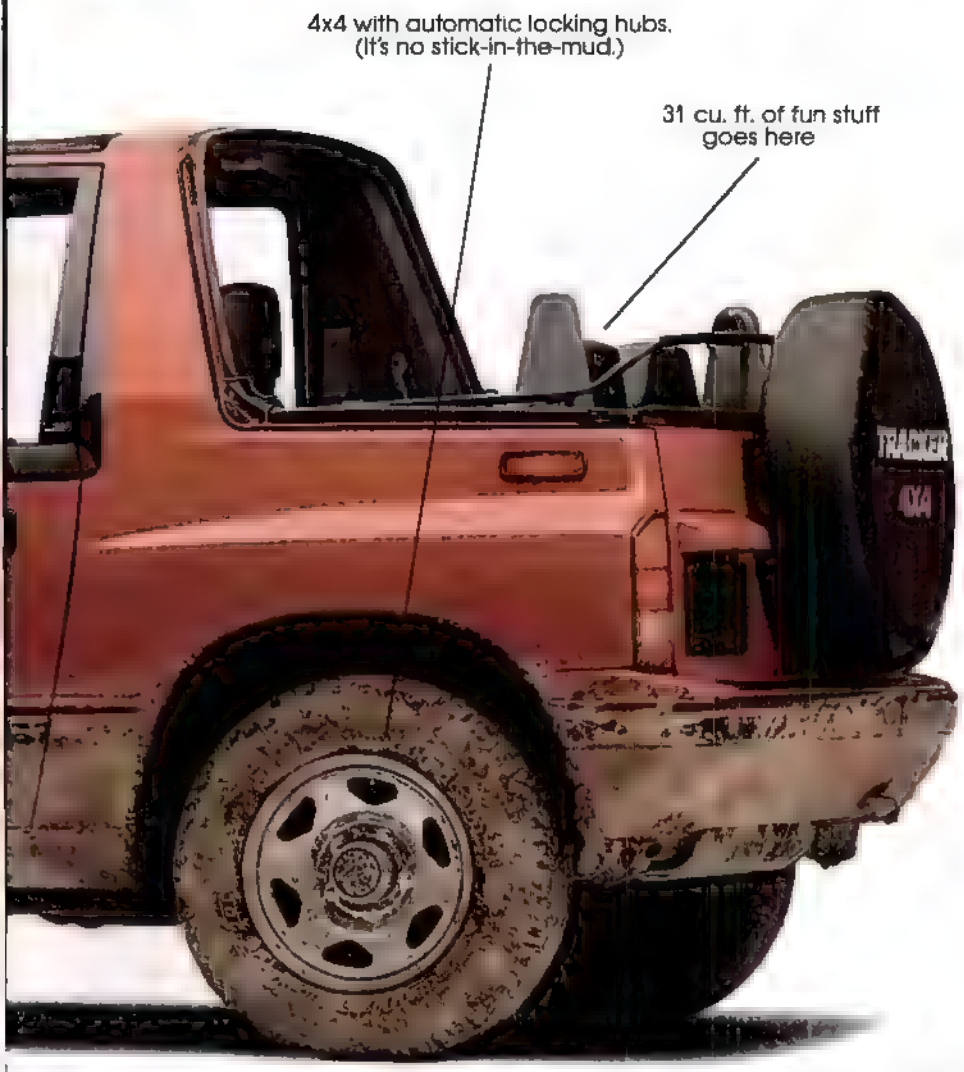

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WHAT'S IN A NAME

Les Negresses Vertes are not green, black or female. They are everything you've always wanted from the French but were afraid you'd never get—a band of juxtaposing styles presented in technicolor.

Les Negresses Vertes are a hot eight-piece acoustic band (complete with ska-like trombone) who use percussion, acoustic piano, harmonica, accordion, a trumpet, and lead vocals (augmented by six backup singers) to sound like the Sex Pistols featuring Edith Piaf. Or the Pogues meeting that North African punk called rai. Or L.L. Cool J singing Jacques Brel.

It's Saturday night in Paris. Accordionist Mathieu Canavese and guitarist Stephan Mellino are in a cafe called the Globe in the 19th Arrondisement, a jumping quarter bordering the northeast beltway where urban renewal meets garbage. The streets bubble with Africans, Indo-Chinese, Arabs and the French working class—Jean-Marie Le Pen's xenophobic National Front gets a lot of votes around here. As recently as a year ago, members of Les Negresses Vertes were mending fishnets near Marseille and riding horses bareback in the Zingaro Circus. Just this afternoon, Stephan's purchased a new amplifier and Mathieu's come from the printer with new bright green Negresses Vertes posters.

They're in town for a minute on their way from Scandinavia—where Stephan learned to say, "I speak Swedish very well" in Swedish (they both speak "Eengleesh" very well)—to a two-week tour of England. They sold out London's premier jazz club, Ronnie Scott's, twice earlier this year. There's a US tour scheduled to begin in February. "We're going to knock them out," says Stephan, spiking a fist in the air.

They were handed their name when several of them—with green hair and swarthy skin—were bounced for break-dancing in a bal musette somewhere in Deep France by blue collars who said, loosely translated, "Fuck off, you green niggers."

Their background is Italian, Spanish, Algerian, Gypsy and Polish. The lyrics are a mold of "Farigo," the local version of cockney slang, with a cornucopia of post-Colonial immigrant languages. Although you don't have to understand the meaning to get the spirit, all the songs tell stories—"full of irony like our name," says Mathieu. On their debut LP, *Mlah*, a man-fly buzzes in the open mouth of a bible reader; a hungry family eats a vegetarian; Mother makes an omelet out of Daddy's eyes; mixing colors in a test tube produces a striped baby. And there are the lines: "We're sick of your pale faces/Your colors and your problems."

"There's no racial purity anymore," says Mathieu. "They can stop the immigration but not the integration. We're all mongrels, yeah. Isn't that ironic? We're the first band playing the new music of a wonderful mongrel culture. That's the new France, that's us. We might as well all be green."

—*Mike Zwerin*

HEAVY ROTATION

Staff Selections

Grace Jones *Bulletproof Heart* (Capitol) In a year dominated by big voices and disco lyricism, first lady of disco Grace Jones was going to do a rock album. Instead she delivers three classic dance tracks: the David Cole and Robert Clivilles produced "Love on Top of Love," "Driving Satisfaction" and "Crack Attack." The rest is sexy schizophrenia, too soft for dance floor penetration and too bizarre for pop success. (Owen)

Kylie Minogue *Enjoy Yourself* (Warner Bros.) Minogue and producers Stock/Aitken/Waterman create the sound of being lost in the supermarket, shopping happily for eternity. Venal and schmaltzy, the constant offer of pleasure remains only an offer, and the fake Italo-disco rhythm tracks perk along whether the songs are happy or sad. (Levy)

Nine Inch Nails *Pretty Hate Machine* (TVT) Trent Reznor's one-man band comes across like an accessible Front 242, an intelligent Nitzer Ebb or a primal screaming Depeche Mode. Polished by notable producers—like Flood and Tackhead's Adrian Sherwood and Keith LeBlanc—it's dance music where technology reigns and sexual innuendoes abound. (Reinhardt)

The Psychedelic Furs *Book of Days* (CBS) With dense noise guitar like the rev of a motorcycle engine (echoing the early 80s), a haphazard drum fooling around in an abandoned garage, dramatic violin against a running strum (cooly under-dressed for the 90s), and Richard Butler's rasp of discontent, it's as simple and alluring as black leather over white cotton. (Wright) .

Queen Latifah *All Hail the Queen* (Tommy Boy) The action-packed hip hop debut from New Jersey's Queen of Royal Badness features disparate funk, reggae and house grooves as well as a stellar support cast: Stetsasonic's Daddy-O and Prince Paul, and Mark the 45 King (currently the hottest production talent). Great titles, too: "Mama Gave Birth to the Soul Children" and "The Evil That Men Do." (Owen)

Terence Trent D'Arby *Terence Trent D'Arby's Neither Fish Nor Flesh* (Columbia) Pretensions intact, D'Arby dips his golden throat into the psychedelia primer, coating his stabs at Princely funk, avant-Motown, brassy boogie and street-corner doo-wop with out-there instruments and textures. Beautifully unpredictable and damned listenable, it's anti-formula pop at its peak. (Schoemer)

Rock Candy

Kevin Cummins

The Mighty Lemon Drops, a band from the gray streets of England, drop the gloom and black vestiges in favor of uptempo pop music and the occasional red shirt.

"We're seen by a lot of people as being this doom and gloom band. That's why we called the new album *Laughter*," says David Newton, songwriter and guitarist of the Mighty Lemon Drops. "There's definitely more lightness as opposed to all the dark stuff we've done. We wanted to lose that. People are really amazed when they hear us. The press would lead you to believe that the only reason we exist is because of Echo and the Bunnymen. I don't even like them."

The Mighty Lemon Drops have evolved from the culty stripped-down, somber sounds of their 1986 debut, *Happy Head*. They've dropped the gloom, along with their less-than-enthusiastic bass player, Tony Linehan, and replaced him with Marcus Williams (who used to play with Julian Cope). *Laughter*, their fourth American LP, brings the Lemon Drops full circle, a band reborn with energy and excitement ("We have red shirts on in the new video," says Dave). With a rich horn section and layered guitars, a live sound and infectious pop numbers like "Beautiful Shame" and "Written in Fiction," the Mighty Lemon Drops are destined to come out of the alternative radio closet.

"We owe a lot to college radio," says Dave. "When we first came over to the United States, we couldn't believe how many people knew us. If more people want to buy our records now, we're not going to stand in their way."

Dave, lead singer Paul Marsh and drummer Keith Rowley grew up in Wolverhampton, a struggling city in the Midlands. They all played in different punk bands while in school and then on the dole. Although they're now moderately successful pop stars, they've chosen to stay among family and friends.

"The best is when our friends come down to one of the shows," says Dave. "They come in the dressing room and they see the rider and they're like, 'Is all this yours?' It's free and they just start tearing into it, just knocking them back. They think we've got the perfect life."

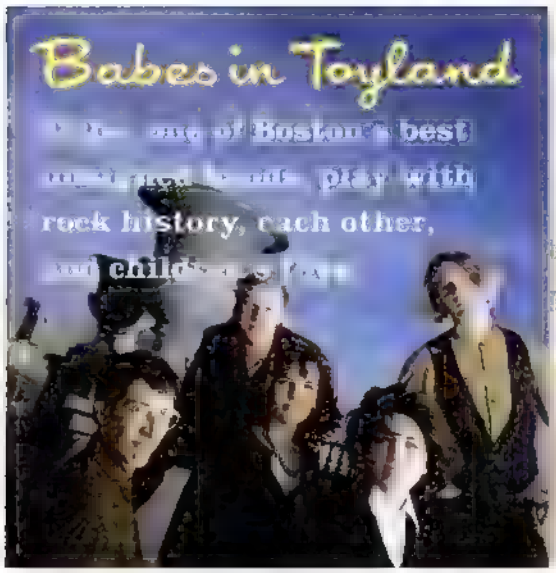
"The last concert my mum came to was at the Wolverhampton Civic Hall," says Paul. "She was telling everybody, 'That's my son!' She comes to the parties and drinks with us. She has a great time."

"Paul's mum," says Dave, "came in the dressing room and he was swigging from a bottle of whiskey. She took it off him and started drinking it herself.

"When these record companies came with contracts, my mum wasn't happy at all. She was like, 'Don't be stupid. No one is going to give you money to make that record.' Now she sort of realizes that I must have a moderate amount of talent somewhere.

"But when the band formed, we never intended it to be a career. I never used to stand in front of my bedroom mirror with the guitar and say, 'This is what I want to do.' "

—*Robin Reinhardt*



Tribe are a mish-mash of influences and musical styles: 70s artrock, 80s punk and classical training. They're a Boston band that takes rock'n'roll history into their basement, disassembles it, and designs different ways to put it back together. Just for fun.

"We all do lots of things together," says Tribe's lead vocalist, Janet LaValley. "We all live in the same house. We're friends. That makes great chemistry in a band."

"We feel like a bunch of kids from middle-class backgrounds," says bassist Greg Lopiccolo, "living as a family without parents."

At Christmas, the five members of Tribe buy each other lots of toys: blow-up Godzillas, battery-operated water Uzis and Coleco race cars. Their independent EP, "Tribe" (on Rutabaga Records), sounds like the excited mayhem of Christmas morning—spontaneous and unruly. On the funky, groovy "Abort," high, dissonant guitar screeches collide with a constant dance beat, setting the stage for LaValley's deep, ominous voice. It's loud, organized chaos.

Though they're still without a recording contract, Tribe has attracted the attention of several major labels. They've been together for three years, gig nonstop (mostly in the Boston area), their demos get lots of radio play and, for the past two years, they have been voted "best unsigned band" by The Boston *Phoenix*. But, while the size of their following grows and offers get more enticing, the band keeps its perspective.

"It's important to keep testing ourselves," says Lopiccolo, "and our music so that as a group we develop a more centered direction with an eye toward longevity."

—*Christopher Kehoe*

DEAR ELVIS

Since the start of the column, Elvis has been besieged with letters. We select some, gather round the Ouija board and wait for the King's response. If you have a letter for Elvis, send it to SPIN, 6 West 18 Street, New York, NY 10011. Please keep them short, Elvis is still a busy man.

Dear Elvis,
If you could give anyone anything for Christmas, what would you give to who? You can pick more than one person, I know you're a generous man.
Tish Stewart
Charleston, SC

Dear Tish,
First of all, I'd give my dear, sweet mamma one of those Cuisinarts so she wouldn't have to keep scraping her knuckles when she grates the cheese for my sandwiches. Then I'd give Guns N' Roses and New Kids on the Block a big house—a mansion isolated in the country—on the condition that they'd live in it together, no time-share schemes. Then lots of money to Planned Parenthood; a five-picture deal with Paramount for Cher with a clause in the contract forbidding her to alter another part of her body; respect for all good American soldiers. And finally, immortality for Bob Dylan.
Happy new decade,
Elvis

thy will be done

Testament, five smart boys from the Bay Area, have been called the next Metallica. They're loud and they're fast and they're socially concerned.

"Music can help you deal with things," says Testament guitarist Alex Skolnick. "I want to let people know that, whatever they have to cope with, they can do it—to reassure them that they have that freedom. Anybody can write about cars, girls, Friday night. We might as well be useful."

Unlikely words from a band whose members once all got matching devil's head tattoos. But Testament combine headbanging power chords and lightning-fast riffs with a big dose of social awareness—further proof that metal doesn't have to be about big-haired, dim-witted dudes in designer leather or fat guys screaming about Satan. After two LPs (*The Legacy* and *The New Order*, a concept album about a post-nuclear-war society), the California club band got their big break, taking over Megadeth's spot for German dates on the Monsters of Rock tour in '88. Then the metal press started calling them the next Metallica.

On the new *Practice What You Preach*, there's an anti-suicide song called "Sins of Omission," "Greenhouse Effect," and a song about child abuse, "Blessed in Contempt." "My father's a law professor and my mother's a research psychologist," explains Skolnick, who wrote lyrics for the first time on *Practice*. "They're both on the faculty of UC Berkeley. All they talk about is world events, so I got into the habit of looking at the papers every day." "Perilous Nation" draws a comparison between Iran's reaction to Salman Rushdie's latest novel and the PMRC. "I got a big kick out of the *Satanic Verses* thing," says Skolnick. "At the same time, ladies who are married to powerful men in Washington are trying to put limitations on music. Here's a country that's completely out of control, that's putting a price on someone's head for something he wrote. Rating records is not the same as a death sentence, but it's a very mild form of that. Is that how we really want to become?"

Practice debuted in the *Billboard* Top 100; Testament's US tour with Annihilator and Wrathchild America, originally scheduled for clubs, is quickly being re-booked into large halls. "I've seen a lot of people get into our music who aren't necessarily metal fans—like blues players," says Skolnick, who practices guitar three or four hours a day and studies classical harmony. "Loud heavy metal is fun," he says. "But it's only one aspect of music. There's some bands out there that are still copying the Scorpions. We're very modern."

—*Daina Darzin*

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Making a List and Checking It Twice

To get the ultimate rock'n'roll wish list, we asked, "What would you like to find under your Christmas tree?"

Steven Tyler, Aerosmith: 5 Golden Rings, 4 Letter Words, 3 French Friends, 2 Fertile Shoves and a Blow Job in a Pear Tree.

David Bowie: A peaceful planet.

Peter, Hot House Flowers: The new Bon Jovi album and two tickets to their next concert in Dublin.

Mojo Nixon: The complete works of John Lee Hooker and John Alowicious Ford, and a naked and glistening Sandra Bernhard begging for my manhood.

Sandra Bernhard: A fax machine, and a computer with an assistant who can work it for me.

Robert Smith, the Cure: Peace, love and happiness (and several cases of vintage port)

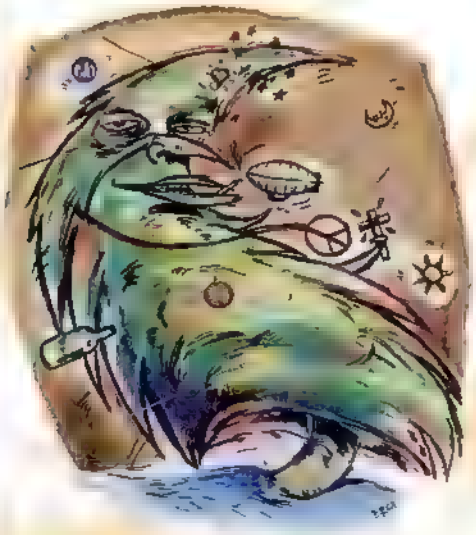
Adrian Belew: A train set

Young MC: One less person that has to suffer in the world.

Stevie Nicks: A little baby girl. And a cure for leukemia.

Carlos Santana: The good health and well-being of all of my loved ones.

DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince: Paula Abdul and Janet Jackson.



Tone Loc: A dozen Hawaiian girls in grass skirts lusting my soul pole.

Kevin Seal: Pine needles. I'm a simple person.

The Beastie Boys: A SPIN cover story and peace, love and understanding.

Gipsy Kings. A party for all the children of the world

Bret Michaels, Poison: They say Christmas is a time not to be alone, but rather a time to have joy and be merry. So, Joy and Mary will do just fine and trust me, I won't be alone!

L.L. Cool J: A box of positive promises that won't be broken.

David Newton, Mighty Lemon Drops: Roger Daltrey's early 70s stage outfit, a newly sprayed pair of boots for Scottie (our roadie), some pieces of action.

MC Lyte: A Christmas card from SPIN.

Grace Slick: A way to successfully artificially inseminate the giant panda. That's the only way for them to survive.

Kwame: The Bat Cave with a 560SEC Mercedes Benz hooked up like the Batmobile.

Downtown Julie Brown: I don't plan on waking up Christmas morning.

Flavor Flav, Public Enemy: The whole world's heart, everybody to love me, a brand new Subaru, a whole bunch of Gs, and $4 billion so that I can live larger than Russell Simmons.

They Might Be Giants: A dirigible.

David Coverdale, Whitesnake: I'd like a son, but not this Christmas.

Nanci Griffith: Hope and optimism for myself, and longevity for both of my grandmothers.

Graham Lewis, Wire: God.

Greg, Faster Pussycat: Cindy Crawford.

Andy Bell, Erasure: I would like a sextuple-platinum disc of the Sire album, *Wild*, to be presented by the inimitable Morrissey.

Big Daddy Kane: A gorgeous young lady unwrapped.

Ozzy Osbourne: I would really love to find a silent vacuum cleaner under my Christmas tree on Christmas day. Noisy vacuum cleaners really get on my nerves!

Milli Vanilli: Two women wrapped up in satin

—Robin Reinhardt

AGAINST ALL ODDS

At the peak of his solo success, guitarist Larry Carlton was hit in a random shooting. Not only did he survive, he's since made the best album of his life.

Timothy White

Larry Carlton is a guitar god. With his unique versatility and sweet, smooth-as-silk sound, he was *the* studio guitar-star of the 70s, appearing on over 100 gold albums. All in all, Carlton has played on thousands of records, from the Crusaders, Steely Dan, Joni Mitchell and Michael Franks to Michael Jackson, John Lennon and the Partridge Family. He also did the soundtrack to "Against All Odds" and the theme song for the sitcom "Who's The Boss."

Then, after a solo career that peaked with a flurry of Grammys, Carlton's luck ran out. Or rather, it almost ran out. In April of last year, Carlton went to close the door of his Hollywood Hills house and next thing he knew, he'd been shot in the neck and lay on the floor bleeding to death. He calmly told his secretary, who was in shock, mopping his blood, to tell his wife and kids he loved them. Then he said, "Jesus, forgive me my sins and let's go home," and waited. Within minutes, the ambulance was there. Carlton lived to play again. The case of the random shooting has never been solved or explained.

One arm was paralyzed and his left vocal chord was shattered. Carlton was nursed back to health by his wife, and it took a full year for the nerves in his arm to regenerate. "I couldn't even hold a guitar, y'know?" he says in the hoarse whisper that is now his voice. "It hurt too much to even touch the strings. I was in constant therapy for four months, five days a week. It felt like lightning bolts were shooting down my arm.

"There were times when I really lost it. My wife, Michelle, would say, 'It'll come, honey. Just give it time.' But inside, a little voice was saying, 'Yeah, but will you ever be able to play as well?' "

Little by little, the guitarist's precious dexterity was restored, and he went on to record what critics have called his best work yet, *On Solid Ground*, on MCA. The album is a masterpiece of musicality, pure and exuberant, like Carlton himself. "I don't hear a difference in my music since the shooting," he says. "But time will tell, because I can't hide something like that. When I pick up the guitar, who I am comes out."

No sooner did he recover from the shooting than he and his manager founded HIP (Helping Innocent People), an organization that makes funds immediately accessible to innocent victims of violent crimes. This summer, Carlton toured nationwide, raising funds for HIP and rallying fellow entertainers like Joni Mitchell, Christopher Cross, Lyle Lovett and others to help out.

"Something has changed inside me through all of this," he smiles. "Every day is a gift to me now."

—Celia Farber and Robert Condon

LONESOME DOVE

When Lone Justice broke up, Maria McKee didn't know what to do. She searched her soul, took notes and released them as her solo debut.

When Maria McKee was a little girl, her family called her Little Ricky because of her freckles and button nose. When she was 16, her older brother Bryan MacLean (a former member of the 60s folk-psych band Love) put together a band for her. He wanted to call it the Maria McKee Band but the idea scared her, so they called it the Bryan MacLean Band; and when they played, all the old Hollywood hippie Love fans used to come out of the woodwork. Maria loved being in a band so much she dropped out of high school. Every morning, her mother would come into her room and plead with her to go to school. "Just go away and leave me alone!" Maria would retort. "I'm not going!"

At the age of 18, Maria formed her own band, Lone Justice, and got signed to Geffen. But their scruffy sound—country hillbilly meets Patti Smith—didn't come across on their 1985 debut, and the band started to fall apart. "I had a lot of power, but I didn't know how to use it yet," says Maria. "I used to throw it around, throw tantrums. I was afraid." By the time of '87's *Shelter*, an over-labored, underfocused mess of synthesized folk-rock, only one other original member was left. "The way everyone pictures it is some snot-nosed kid moving band members around like musical chairs. It wasn't like that at all," she says adamantly, calling it a time of "temporary insanity."

When the band died, Maria withdrew from music. She wasn't sure what she wanted to do—maybe travel (she loves Ireland), be a writer (besides Patti Smith and Van Morrison, her heroes include the Romantic poets Swinburne and Keats), or get married (but to whom? Rumors of her liaisons with U2 drummer Larry Mullen Jr. and Robbie Robertson, she says, are totally false). While living in New York City, she realized "my heart is in my voice." In 1989, at the age of 24, she re-emerged with her solo debut, *Maria McKee*. As a work of art it's flawed: over the course of 10 songs, she and producer Mitchell Froom try too desperately to inlay a history lesson's worth of influences, from jangling country-rock to Dylanesque fable spinning to po'boy R&B to church choir gospel. As a document of a woman's struggle to regain control of herself and her emotions, it's epochal—forthright yet vulnerable to the point of helplessness.

On "Am I the Only One (Who's Ever Felt This Way)," Maria belts, "There is no damn reason/I should have to be so alone" with the fervor of a country girl going for first prize at the county fair. "I've Forgotten What It Was in You (That Put the Need in Me)" details the pain of the Lone Justice breakup ("Don't look me in the eye 'cause/I'm the one to blame"). "It's very possible Lone Justice could've made three country-hillbilly records that were very cute and sold 2,000 copies, and I wouldn't have been able to make this album," says Maria. "With me it's a question of extremes—of fighting for independence but then being petrified of responsibility and being alone and taking charge. When I finally let go and said, 'It's just not going to happen,' I could stand back and say, 'Now I'm going to start over and take control from the beginning.' "

—Karen Schoemer

the cold rock stuff

These Are a Few of Our Favorite Things

the new intolerance

Guns N' Roses, America's most promising young rock'n'roll band, doesn't like "Police and niggers . . . Immigrants and faggots" (from "One In A Million"). Public Enemy, our most promising rap crew, doesn't like Jews or gays. Andrew Dice Clay rails against foreigners and gays, prissy women and especially "transtesticles." Sam Kinison doesn't like women or gays. N.W.A. hate the law ("Fuck tha Police"), the bitches ("A Bitch Iz a Bitch"), and spelling instructors everywhere. Members of the Bundy family, from "Married With Children," our only real rock sitcom, all hate each other. The peace sign may be back—spotted recently among the iconography of Prince, Throwing Muses, De La Soul and Enuff Z'Nuff—but is it the real sign of the times?

heavy metal

By his own estimation, jewelry designer Axel realizes "exoskeletal phantasies" using "extraterrestrial craftsmanship." A self-taught New York artist and protege of Salvador Dali, Axel's heavily adorned, heavy metal fantasy jewelry has attracted customers as diverse as Clive Barker, Bruce Springsteen, Alice Cooper, Axl Rose, Timothy Leary, Howard Stern, Lily Tomlin, H.R. Giger, John Belushi, Robert Williams and R. Crumb. By appointment: (212) 677-0557.

hats

Glamorous or weathered, practical or absurd. From Coco Chanel's flapper-skullcap to N.W.A.'s baseball caps to Madonna's porkpie to the "Young Riders" Stetson to Patricia Underwood's creations, the hat is the dream accessory, the final vanity crown. The hat realizes fantasy (the basis of style)—you can wear a different one every day depending on how you feel, or how you want others to think you feel

jägermeister

In the same way that Janis Joplin helped make Southern Comfort hip for a few weeks in the 60s, Metallica's avowed devotion to Jägermeister—"liquid Valium" from West Germany—has helped push sales through the roof. In '84, just over 100,000 bottles were sold in America. Last year's total was two million.

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how to impress girls

Standing up, grab your left foot with your right hand, to form a loop in front of your right leg. Without letting go, hop up and bring your right leg through the loop. Hop again, bringing your right through the loop backwards. Learn to do this in time, get a six-inch high cameo cut and join the Big Daddy Kane dance troupe. Shop Dapper Dan's on 125th Street in Harlem for a decent sharkskin suit covered head to shoulders in Bally logos. Works every time.

—Written and compiled by Michael Corcoran, John Leland, Frank Owen and Christian Wright

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Sinéad O'Connor (right) lets her hair down.

NEWS

Written and compiled by Frank Owen, Karen Schoemer and Christian Wright

angel of dublin

Sinéad O'Connor stars in the new film "Hush-A-Bye-Baby" as one of four girlfriends passing through adolescence in the political and religious tumult of Ireland. In mid-October, "Hush-A-Bye-Baby", premiered at the Foyle Film Festival in Dublin, and will be screened on Britain's Channel Four in early 1990 and released in the US thereafter. Meanwhile, in addition to writing and arranging the soundtrack to "Hush-A-Bye-Baby" O'Connor has been working on the follow-up to 1987's *The Lion and the Cobra*, due out in February. "Nothing Compares to You," the first single (out January 8), is a cover of a Prince song recorded by the Family in 1985. O'Connor has never met Prince. She's just a fan.

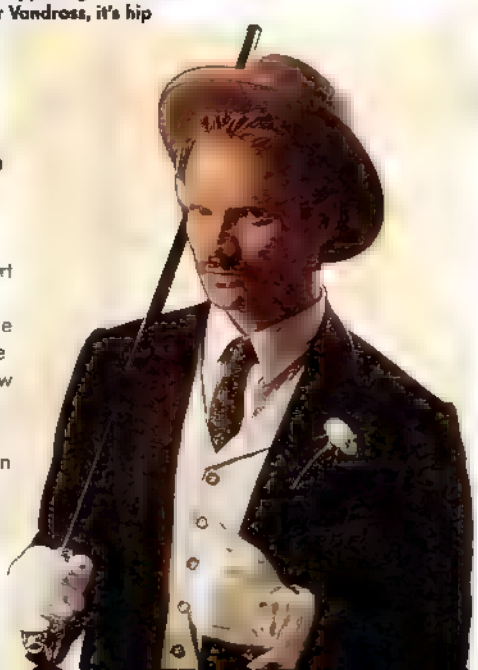
the sound of urban listeners

"This is not going to be a conventional hip hop label," says former Def Jam Vice President Bill Stephney of his new record company, SOUL: Sound of Urban Listeners. Financed by MCA and founded by Stephney and Public Enemy producer Hank Shocklee, the label boasts a roster of in-house producers that includes Shocklee, his brother Keith, Eric Sadler and Public Enemy's Chuck D.

Though rap-based, SOUL fully intends to branch out into rock'n'roll, worldbeat and house music. "The days of labels doing a specific type of music are over," says Stephney. "This label will have an experimental edge and reflect the broad musical tastes of the people involved." Stephney is an avid Joy Division fan.

Asked about the current revival of the word "soul" in preference to R&B, Stephney says: "Believe it or not we came up with the name before Soul II Soul. 'Soul' describes the feeling of what's happening at the moment. The great soul music of today isn't Luther Vandross, it's hip hop." Expect the first SOUL release in February.

"It's very difficult, very different from film acting. I'm sort of guessing," says Sting, who made his Broadway debut in November, to less-than-glowing reviews, as the thieving rogue Mack the Knife in the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical "3 Penny Opera." Sting has always loved the play and the character, so he felt the role was worth the career risk and the money he invested in the production. The show should run at least through April. But after a Grammy Award-winning solo career, movies and Broadway, what's next? "I could end up in Las Vegas," he says. "Like Wayne Newton."



Courtesy Chrysalis Records

I am a camera

"I've been interested in film as long as I've been interested in music," says R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe. With partner Jim McKay, Stipe founded the C-00 Film Corp two years ago. "I get all wiggly when I look at pictures. And when the pictures wiggle, it's tremendous." For the last eight months, C-00 (C-Hundred) has been producing short films, alternative music videos and public service announcements, "taking a lot of varied interests," says Stipe, "and slamming them together. There's really no market for independent film. In a way, we're creating a supply and we hope the demand comes."

"The idea," says McKay, "was to form a coalition of filmmakers who are producing work outside the norm of the industry, aesthetically and textually. We want to help young filmmakers produce their films." To make a film, C-00 pairs a person with an idea—not necessarily a writer or filmmaker, instead maybe a poet or a cartoonist—with someone who can realize that idea through a camera; they'll underwrite an aspiring filmmaker who has everything but the money and a producer; or they'll come up with the concept and then find the right people to execute it. Neither Stipe nor McKay have any formal education in the medium (though they admire the work of John Sayles and Errol Morris, who did "The Thin Blue Line"), so they're never opposed to an idea just because it might seem uncinematic.

C-00

Jim McKay (left) and Michael Stipe

C. Smithson

McKay's "Lighthearted Nation," a 53-minute home video documentary about men in nursing homes (inspired by the magazine *Duplex Planet*), isn't really about anything—except life as its stored up in the minds of people who've lived it. His camera, rather than telling a story, patiently listens as stories are told.

There are no features planned at the moment, but topics for future PSAs—like *Sassy* editor Jane Pratt's "Pro-Choice is Pro-Life"—include gun control, recycling and consumer power. C-00 hopes to have the PSAs aired on the networks, MTV, VH-1 and local TV stations that do their own music video shows. The company has also completed McKay and Stipe's video, "What Am I Doing Here?" for the Rollins Band, and "Just Hold Still," a compilation of short films by director Jem Cohen (who did R.E.M.'s "Talk About the Passion" video), including a collaboration with Fugazi. Laughing, McKay says, "We're kind of like vegetarian left-wing guerrillas."

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Nancy Ellison/Onyx

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TALKING ALL THAT JAZZ

Liza Minelli (flanked by the Pet Shop Boys): Where, oh where, have you been?

Courtesy Epic Records

The Dish, The Dirt, The Inside Dope Sussed by Danny Fields

In a roomful of stars at Lift Up Your Skirt (a New York club so trendy it doesn't even exist yet), **Michael Alago**, who signed Metallica to Elektra and is now an A&R executive at Geffen, celebrated his 30th birthday. With her date **John Carlo Esposito** ("Buggin' Out" from "Do the Right Thing"), **Liza Minelli** was the biggest attraction. I told her that her new album *Results*, produced by the **Pet Shop Boys**, sounded as if it came from another planet. "Cosmically pure, sort of like Nico," I said. Only, she didn't know who Nico was, and it's not something you can explain in 25 words or less. So I said I'd send her some albums. Then she said, "I know what it's like when someone doesn't know who you're talking about! It's embarrassing! I just did an interview with someone who'd never heard of Charles Aznavour. You try to be nice, but you think, 'Where has this person been?'" "Well," I said, "wait till you hear Nico." To be continued. ● **Susannah Hoffs** of the **Bangles** will apparently spend her 18-month break from the band writing a romance novel. ● If **Madonna** takes a role in "The Godfather III," she'll put her earnings towards her own production company's first film: the life story of her idol, Mexican artist Frida Kahlo. ● **Jermaine Jackson** flew into New York on his way home from London, where he'd been promoting his health club franchise, Golden Gyms. At a penthouse party for his new album *Don't Take It Personal*, Jermaine—accompanied by a spectacularly configured Margaret Maldonado, his new companion—had to continually deal with reporters asking if the title song was addressed to Hazel Gordy Jackson, the woman he left for Ms Maldonado. The answer, of course, was no, since he didn't even write the song, but the breakup of his marriage to Berry Gordy's daughter was the subtext of the whole party and the source of a lot of gossip—including the tidbit that Hazel and Margaret supposedly gave birth to Jermaine's children on the same day, or thereabouts. But you can't believe all this "Dynasty" stuff, now can you? Jermaine was eager to talk about the forthcoming miniseries based on the story of the Jackson family, in the production of which he is actively involved. About the Jackson 5 years, he said, "I look back and it was like a dream. We were singing about things we didn't understand—love, breaking up—and when we started to understand what we were singing about, the dream was over."

At a **Pogues** show in Ann Arbor, Michigan **Shane McGowan** abused the crowd saying "Fuck you, you and your fucking 'Batman'" stumbled off the stage after the second song and never came back. "It's gone beyond a joke," said **Spider Stacey** "He's fucked us about and he's fucked you about. He's just too pissed to sing." The remaining Pogues managed to finish the show, Stacey singing all the lyrics he could remember. ● **Peter Himmelman**'s own favorite song on his powerful LP *Synesthesia* is "Brother Joe." It's about the late Joel Weber, who signed Himmelman to Island Records and founded the New Music Seminar. "The day he died," recalls Himmelman, "I came back from the airport and wrote it in one second, recorded it in one take, and I said, 'No matter what, this is going on my next record. I really love it.' Actually, a couple of people at the company, who will remain nameless, objected to that thing hitting the record. I'm not sure why, I haven't dug around. Nobody said anything. Maybe it was too close, too intense for certain people. I talked to his mother, she loved the song. I didn't put on the album that it was about Joel Weber, but I didn't want it never to be known, either." ● **Happy Traum** used to sing and play guitar on Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger records. Over 20 years ago, he moved to Woodstock, New York, and started Homespun Tapes, a mail-order company that offers musical instruction from the masters for almost all instruments and styles. Among the 400 titles (cassettes and videos) available, **Dr. John**'s five-hour New Orleans Piano and the Roots of Rock and Roll is the bestseller. Contact Homespun Tapes, Box 694, Woodstock, NY 12498 (914) 679-7832. **Prince** and **Kim Basinger** scrapped plans for the three versions of "Scandalous" video (which was to include an X-rated clip), opting for a dimly-lit performance video. Basinger helped write the dialogue, coproduced and makes a cameo speaking appearance on the 19-minute remix. The flip-side, "Sex," says Prince, "is very steamy." At press time, he was producing Basinger's demos at Paisley Park Studios.

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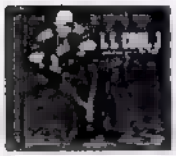

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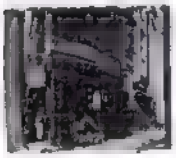

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While the weekend began on a mournful note at a service for aborted fetuses, by Saturday teens were dancing to a DJ's beat.

Saturday Night Fervor

Across the American prairie, anti-abortionists use rock'n'roll and say-no-to-sex pizza parties to sell their message to teens.

Article by Katherine Silberger

It's Saturday night and L.L. Cool J is blasting out from the conference room at the Days Inn in Moorehead, Minnesota. Inside, girls in acid-washed jeans and perms and guys in T-shirts and Reeboks swing their hips provocatively as a DJ from a local radio station spins disks on the turntable. A young couple in their 20s discretely chaperone from a distance. It's like a teenage dance anywhere in America, but something's different here. The red, green and yellow balloons scattered over the floor are stamped with black silhouettes of human fetuses along with the words "Unborn Babies Are People, Too." This isn't just the social event of the season, it's the North Dakota Teens for Life pep rally against abortion.

The party is part of North Dakota Right to Life's 12th annual convention. This year, in addition to the three or four hundred adult participants, some 50 teenagers from across the state have been invited. The convention originally had been scheduled to take place at the Fargo Holiday Inn in North Dakota, but when organizers discovered that the hotel stocked R-rated movies, they moved the convention across the Red River to Moorehead.

The teen program is being conducted to the left of the lobby. To the right, the hotel atrium is reserved for adult speakers and workshops. In the main hall in between, ministers and religious bookstores hawk pamphlets like "Why We Must Teach Chastity," "The Six Frauds of Feminism," "Contraception's Legacy" and "Homosexuality: Legitimate, Alternate Deathstyle."

The Supreme Court ruling in *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services* shocked the pro-choice movement last summer, but did little to allay the fervor of Right-to-Lifers. In North Dakota and other states, these groups have stepped up their efforts to reach the young with their agenda.

Tara and Beth Birdsall watch their friends from the tables near the door. Beth has cropped ash-blonde hair, sweet blue eyes, and she's wearing a pink running suit. A high school graduate who works as a legal assistant, she is neither pro-choice nor pro-life, she's just here for the party. Her younger sister Tara, on the other hand, is committed to the cause. Her curly hair comes to her shoulders and she wears Levis and a Teens for Life T-shirt. She's a gregarious high school sophomore who does a little bit of everything—cheerleading, drama, student government. Now she and Beth are chatting excitedly about the game. "We almost lost by this much," she says, measuring out an inch with her thumb and forefinger.

Teens are being taught to counter pro-choice slogans with anti-abortion "sound bites."

Fargo High seniors Kelli Schmidt, who looks like Ellen Barkin's younger sister, and Reba Mathern, with soft brown eyes and a rounded face, are hanging out at the Coke machine. Kelli feels a little uneasy at a pro-life convention because she's pro-choice; she says she doesn't have the right to impose her ideas about abortion on anyone else. Sometimes she thinks that as a devout Christian she ought to change her point of view. Her mother, vigorously pro-life, agrees. It's the thing they argue about most.

The convention began Friday at the old Holy Cross Cemetery, 20 miles through wheat and oat fields outside of town. It was dusk and the huge Midwestern sky turned from orange to purple in the west. Some 150 people gathered at a solid gray marker that read "BABY," with "DIED BY ABORTION" inscribed underneath, and at the base, "Father forgive them for they know not what they are doing." Dressed in short jackets and blue jeans the group, composed mainly of women, started singing "Seek Ye First." The local Roman Catholic bishop, James Sullivan, read from the scriptures and led the group in prayers.

When the service ended, the crowd picked its way over grassy slopes, through loose rows of gravestones and boarded the two yellow school buses headed back to the hotel. Mary Stahl, 19, pushed back the dark blond curls from her face, and looked through the dirty glass at the square tracts of land. Mary said she hates confrontation and avoids asking her friends whether they're pro-life; she's afraid of what they might answer. Several years before one of Mary's high school science teachers had wanted to screen anti-abortion films in class, films like "The Silent Scream," which depicts a dilation and evacuation abortion. The school superintendent vetoed the project, and the town became bitterly divided. Mary and her friends used to fight about it all the time.

"Respecting life" is at the core of all of Mary's spiritual and religious beliefs. She has trouble articulating it, but it's related to having grown up on a farm and being "close to the earth." But that earth, the fields of North Dakota, has been seeded with more than amber waves of grain. North Dakota's second-largest industry, after agriculture, is defense. Air Force bases at Minot and Grand Forks assure that North Dakota has more missile silos than any other state. Just below the fertile farmland and pristine churches, intercontinental ballistic missiles stand ready for launching at 31 seconds notice. If North Dakota were to secede from the union, it would be the world's third largest nuclear power after the US and Soviet Union.

Mary and her friends never argue about the missiles.

"Girls who are promiscuous get cancer cells growing on their cervix. If you sin against God you will reap the products of your sin in your own body. It's all in the scriptures."

The buses pulled into the driveway and everyone got out, eager to settle down to dinner or an early bedtime. Beth Ehrman greeted two friends in the hallway, but she was distracted, thinking about how her tenure as president of North Dakota Teens for Life was coming to a close. She'll miss the job, because Beth loves being in the public eye. Beth had already planned her outfit for the next day when her successor was to take over. A red dress with a wide white belt and "bold" jewelry—perfect for public speaking, something a magazine like *Young Miss* would call "authoritative yet feminine."

Beth was never very popular in high school until her senior year, when she became president of Teens for Life in a high school where many students are anti-abortion. After that her social life really picked up.

As Beth sees it, listening to her peers and campaigning among them to practice chastity was as integral to her crusade as picketing abortion clinics. When she suspected girls she knew of having premarital sex, Beth would confront them with warnings about the moral dangers of "going all the way."

On Saturday morning, Sharon Mauldin of Montpelier, North Dakota, was promoting a pro-chastity video she had produced. "Girls who are promiscuous get cancer cells growing on their cervix," she said. "If you sin against God you will reap the products of your sin in your own body. It's all in the scriptures."

The day was filled with talks on sexuality and chastity, a pool party, discussions of how to field questions about abortion, and a talk on euthanasia. Homosexuality is not something pro-lifers explicitly discuss, but there seems to be a consensus. "I don't think homosexuals should be all killed or anything drastic like that," says Beth Ehrman, her blue eyes wide, "but something should be done to make them not be the way they are."

No seminar at the conference attracted more attention or generated more excitement than the 1:30 p.m. meeting featuring Ritchie Skerbitz, a physically handicapped high school junior from Cotton, Minnesota, who perched on a table covered with a scalloped white tablecloth and blew tunes from his trumpet for the crowd.

Ritchie was the weekend's "special youth speaker." Beth had spotted him at a National Convention and made arrangements for him to speak to the group at Moorehead. Ritchie was born with no legs and one arm; his only hand has three fingers.

"Ritchie will challenge you to stop feeling bad about yourselves," his foster mother Joanne Running gushed. "He's happy 99.5 percent of the time. He cheers me up when I'm depressed! He loves life. So heeeerrrreeee's Ritchie!"

Everybody applauded.

Ritchie told a lot of self-deprecating jokes. "I love babies. I'm fascinated by them—maybe because they're my height," he said. "You all probably can't imagine me playing baseball—that is unless I were either the bat or the ball." Everybody laughed.

"In college I want to minor in music," he said. "With a lot of help I started a Teens for Life in our area."

A woman slid a videotape into a VCR to play a feature story on Ritchie that one of the local stations had produced three years earlier. An anchorwoman led viewers through a montage of Ritchie's daily routine, culminating in a hunting trip with his foster dad. "Ritchie loves to hunt," she said. "With the aid of a special hunting span and a crossbow, Ritchie was able to bag his first deer." There was a clip of Ritchie wearing a camouflage hunting cap, carefully aiming at the deer. The next clip showed Ritchie's smiling face at a level with the head of the deer he had just killed. The deer's head was upside down. "Ritchie says that someday he'd like to drive a semi truck and preach the Gospel," said the anchorwoman.

The video ended and everybody applauded. "See, I used to be a lot cuter," said Ritchie. "I think abortion

is the result of people's sin. It's America resenting God." Ritchie finished his talk by playing a tape of a Pat Boone song, "Let Me Live." He prepared to wrap up his lecture.

"Tell them about how you climb stairs," said Joanne excitedly.

Seminar after seminar, the conventioneers were working themselves into the kind of frenzy of moral righteousness that makes people like Jane Bovard nervous. Since 1981, Bovard has operated the Fargo Women's Health Organization office just across the river from the Days Inn. The WHO offers complete gynecological services, and women can obtain abortions there one or two days each week.

A one-way mirror is built into Fargo's WHO door so people on the inside can observe the street. On days when the clinic performs abortions, picketers press against the low shrubs that front the building, shrieking, "Murderer, God is watching you!" and, "You're killing your baby!" at patients as they arrive for their appointments.

The clinic's been firebombed twice and its employees are often harassed. Bovard's house has been picketed by protesters. It's a nightmare, but Bovard considers herself lucky. The WHO clinic operating in Fort Wayne, Indiana, gets about 500 picketers a day, compared to Fargo's 20.

North Dakota and Utah are the only states in the Union that require a teenager to get the consent of both of her parents in order to obtain an abortion. Bovard says that she's seen these especially strict laws split apart families and traumatize countless young women. "These male legislators try to imagine their own daughters having abortions without them even knowing about it, and their egos can't handle it," says Bovard. "They want to control their own daughters, and they lose sight of the young women who are really involved."

Sometimes one parent will agree to the abortion while the other objects. "It happens once a month at least," she says. "The kid usually gets the abortion but the delay often pushes the pregnancy into the second trimester. Meanwhile, the family falls apart."

Because North Dakota requires that young women seeking a judicial bypass do so in their own counties, many go to great lengths to sidestep the local halls of justice. "I've seen kids travel 500 miles out of state because they feel their confidentiality will be breached," Bovard says.

These days a lot of people, especially the young, are leaving Fargo. Single-family homes built in the 30s and 40s line the city's placid streets. Fast food chains line the highways. Fargo's a town of about 70,000, with another 50,000 or so living nearby in bedroom communities. If you spend the night in North Fargo, you'll hear a low-pitched whistle twice a night as the train creeps through town. It sounds almost like an invitation to leave.

When questioned about abortion, those attending the conference replied with the same catch phrases: "A girl can't get her ears pierced without parental consent; why should she be able to get an abortion?" "Rape and incest rarely result in pregnancy." Reminded that these circumstances affect legislation, they respond, "Rape is a horrible thing, but why should the baby suffer?" Sometimes they added that a woman's guilt at "having killed her baby," on top of the trauma of rape, might just push her over the brink to insanity, maybe, or moral collapse.

This uniformity of response is no accident. Don Parker, a former journalist who works as assistant legislative director of Minnesota Citizens Concerned for Life, gave the teens some pointers in his 2:30 seminar, "Telling the Pro-Life Story." The most persuasive speech comprises four parts, he explained, "introduction, problem, solution and conclusion. You need a hook, something to grab people's interest." Parker counseled the teens to use what he called "sound bites—something short, summarizing a whole philosophy in a few words." He ran through several anti-abortion sound bites that could be used to counter pro-choice arguments. "Always point to the fetus," he advised.

At 4:15 p.m., while the teens were electing Heather Clapsaddle to succeed Beth Ehrman as the new president of Teens for Life, Sister Paula Vandegaer, executive director of the California-based International Life Services, was addressing their parents at a seminar entitled, "Counseling for Chastity with the Negative Pregnancy Test." She's slim, perhaps 45, with a gentle face framed by short brown hair shot through with gray. She's also a social worker with a specialty in "pro-life counseling and teen sexuality." "When a girl comes in and thinks she's pregnant and finds out that she isn't, it is at this point that we must counsel her to stop having sex, before it becomes a lifestyle," she instructed the adults.

Later that evening, Sister Paula addressed the teens themselves. About 35 teenagers at the "Say No to Sex Pizza Banquet" queued up for slices of Mike's greasiest and sloshed lemonade onto the Formica tables and maroon carpet as they listened to Vandegaer's anti-sex message.

She held the microphone at the front of the room. "Is sexual abstinence worth it?" she asked rhetorically. Nursing their slices and soda pop, the teens broke into groups for a rap about chastity.

Each table had one member summarize their discussions. Janet, wearing a T-shirt with a picture of a walrus carrying a sign saying "Save the Baby Humans," held the mike at the front of the room. "Premarital sex could damage you for the rest of your life. When you have sex you exchange your soul with another person. Also, with AIDS it's too big of a risk to take before marriage. And no birth control is 100-percent effective."

"It's God's law and it's also good psychology," said Vandegaer. "You don't know if the person loves you because of who you are or because of the sex." She looked around the room. "Now why is it so hard to wait?" She teased, but the pause was filled with resounding self-righteousness.

"Because it's fun!" one voice blurted. "Hormones," Heather groaned, like somebody's hormones are starting to get on her nerves. The kids began talking with one another. The boy's chaperone leaned forward. "Man's sinful nature," he interjected authoritatively. "Sinful man are seekers of pleasure." Everyone seemed to agree that TV shows like "Falcon Crest" and the soaps portraying casual sex are to blame. "Things that used to shock us, we just take them for granted now," said Tara, and Sister Paula nodded. A boy stood up. "The media has dulled out moral sensibilities. There's peer pressure to have sex. Also, people use the excuse of contraception to rationalize their problems." Four young boys, about 13 or 14, applauded him loud and fast, cracking up when he sat down.

Vandegaer said, "We're seeing the results of 18 years of abortion, of a generation who thought you could be sexually free. And what did they get? Dis-

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The Greening

Shopping for a better world: In England David Bowie endorses environmentally gentle Ark household products.

Worthy cause rockers Peter Gabriel and Sting. Sting: "We have to accept that we are part of the problem; our government, and our multi-national companies, and our banks."

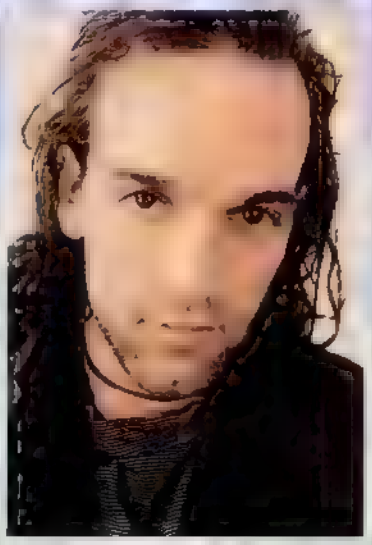
Eco-terrorism: Chrissie Hynde, who also does endorsements for Ark, jokingly suggested bombing fast food restaurants, then later apologized.

Camper Van Beethoven's David Lowery: "The big thing you hear about is that the rain forests are being torn down and how that affects the biosphere. You rarely hear about stuff happening in our own backyard."

# of Planet Pop

Ecology is the greatest thing on a lot of rock stars' minds these days. But what about all the plastic wrap on their albums?

Article by Frank Owen



Michael Stipe: "The biggest danger to the environmental movement seems to be the risk of it becoming co-opted so that it becomes nothing more than a marketing strategy."

Sowing the seed of the future, Tears For Fears: "Obviously the main problem [of the 90s] is the worldwide environmental problem."

May 21, 1989, around midnight at the entrance to trendy New York eatery Indochine, a full-scale media feeding frenzy is in progress. It's the post-concert party for the Don't Bungle The Jungle benefit at the Brooklyn Academy of Music and Madonna has just arrived. Forced to wait because there's no table available, Madonna becomes increasingly angry, besieged on all sides by celebrity-crazed photographers. Kelly and Calvin Klein scream at the assembled media hacks to back off. Where's Sean when you really need him?

Trapped in the crush outside Indochine that night it was easy to forget that the whole point of Don't Bungle The Jungle was to raise consciousness about and money for the rapidly disappearing Brazilian rain forests. Organized by painter Kenny Scharf, the event raised $500,000 and featured Madonna singing "I Got You Babe" with Sandra Bernhard and addressing the cream of New York cafe society thus: "Every second an area the size of a football field is gone forever. At this rate the entire forest will be gone in 50 years—forever. The forest gives us life; we've got to find a way to preserve it."

As rock'n'roll heads into the 90s, it's becoming increasingly obvious that green is the theme for the coming decade. As well as the usual worthy cause rockers—U2, Sting and Peter Gabriel—everyone from Boy George, Kylie Minogue, Debbie Gibson and Tears for Fears, to Lou Reed, White Lion, Thomas Dolby and the B-52's has come out in favor of saving the planet. Like Live Aid before it, Planet Politics provides a worldwide stage on which rock stars can do their thing. This was made clear by last summer's Greenpeace benefit album, *Rainbow Warriors*—a double-album featuring hits contributed by 26 artists (everyone from the Grateful Dead to the Thompson Twins)—which *Billboard* called "the first ever truly worldwide record release." Not a grass-roots movement, eco-rock is rock'n'roll with Massive Global Market Penetration and Total Audiovisual Saturation built into the packaging. Eco-rock is as much at home in *People* or on "Entertainment Tonight" as in SPIN or *Mother Jones*

Once upon a time a story on eco-rock would have begun and ended with the Grateful Dead, but today, no longer exclusively the sound of the herby hippy shake shake, earth consciousness is a cause espoused by the most unlikely pop stars. The album jacket of Barbra Streisand's latest *Greatest Hits . . . and More* features a message from the Earth Communications Office (an LA environmental lobby) counseling her

fans to "pressure political leaders, turn off lights, carpool" and "recycle."

Elsewhere on Planet Pop, both Chrissie Hynde and David Bowie have endorsed a British line of environmentally gentle household products called Ark. In England, Julia Fordham has released her latest Virgin single, "Lock and Key," wrapped in a biodegradable sleeve, prompted to do so by the visit of a Greenpeace activist friend who was horrified to see the amount of plastic and unsound household products she was using around her apartment. Meanwhile, at the time of this writing, Fordham's label boss Richard Branson was preparing to try to break the transpacific record in ballooning from Japan to Los Angeles. His balloon will carry the legend "Save Our Planet" on the side and the whole venture will raise money for the World Wildlife Foundation and LA environmental groups

And the list goes on. On his current world tour, Paul McCartney has invited the environmental organization Friends of the Earth along to distribute literature about their activities and programs. Tom Petty extended a similar invitation this past summer to Greenpeace, the worldwide environmental group that specializes in staging environmental actions in order to capture the media's eye and raise public awareness. On August 16, when the tour rolled into the Jones Beach, New York, State Park, Petty—who inserted a rider into his contract barring promoters from providing styrofoam and plastics backstage—found that a New York State law forbidding private interest groups from advertising at state venues prevented Greenpeace setting up. From the stage that night, an angry Petty told the audience to write the governor's office and ask him why "he wouldn't allow Greenpeace into this gig." Governor Mario Cuomo's office was inundated with letters from irate fans, and as a result, Greenpeace can set up at Jones Beach in the future.

I got you Babe: Sandra Bernhard (left) and Madonna sing to save the trees.

Nick Elgar/LFI

But for all the pop celebrity involvement, media attention and consciousness-raising, some longtime environmental activists suspect that pop stars are more interested in selling the planet than saving the planet. "I applaud the efforts of the people who organized Don't Bungle the Jungle," says Larry Black, New York environmentalist and owner of eco-conscious nightclub Wetlands Preserve, "but it's more important to tell people one thing to do—to get a group of 10 people to clean a *single park*—than Hands-Across-America-type events where everybody feels good about themselves and everybody contributes money. I really suspect a lot of people at BAM that night [for Don't Bungle the Jungle] don't recycle, aren't conscious of what they buy, and yet, they're able to say, 'I'm an environmentalist because I went to this event.' "

Nouveau-hippy soul singer Lenny Kravitz, a strong supporter of eco-causes, confirms Black's suspicions. "I went to this thing for the rain forest at the United Nations. There was a TV show—I think it was 'Entertainment Tonight'—and they were trying to get rock stars to talk about why the rain forest should be saved and no one knew what the fuck was going on. All these motherfuckers didn't even know what they were there for. They just showed up because it was fashionable."

But it's no surprise that rock stars who endorse green causes sometimes don't know all the details. In contrast to the hard ideologies of Marxism and capitalism, ecology is a soft ideology which proclaims a gentle revolution. Ecologists often say they are "neither left nor right" and that protecting the environment is a matter of common sense, not politics. In practice, this means green politics often functions as politics for the apolitical.

Camper Van Beethoven's David Lowery predicted just this in last January's SPIN "1989 will be the year the record industry inundates us with vague, pseudo-political songs, addressing issues on which nobody really disagrees." Though a supporter of green causes,

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THE COLOR OF GREEN

Eco-rock facts and opinions

"Without a healthy planet, all other issues are meaningless."
Larry Black, environmentalist and club owner

"I thought that Belinda Carlisle being involved in the Greenpeace Rainbow Warriors record was wonderful. Because of her reputation as a fine, young Republican, a lot of people were surprised. She did a commercial for the Greenpeace album that aired on VH-1 where she talked about dioxins, which come from bleaching paper with chlorine—we've been worried about dioxins getting into milk because the cartons are bleached. The government has subsequently admitted that there are dioxin levels in the milk, and nonchlorine bleaches are going to be used for the cartons in the future."
—Dave Wakelin, former member of the English Beat and General Public, now Greenpeace activist

"Fast food habits contribute to the greenhouse effect. Demand for cheap hamburger meat has led to the clearing of Central American forests for cattle ranching: an estimated nine square miles are cleared for each hamburger. The burning of the forest and natural digestive fermentation in cattle produce 39 percent of the methane rising from the tropics; methane is a greenhouse gas."
—The Earth Report, edited by Edward Goldsmith and Nicholas Hildyard

Never Mind the Rain Forests, Here's the Pop Tarts
—Working title for the Pop Tarts' second album

"While rain forests cover only eight percent of the world's surface, at least 70 percent of the world's plants, insects and animals live within their boundaries. In the Amazon, a single pond the size of a tennis court contains more species of fish than all the rivers of Europe combined. People forget that not all valuable chemical compounds are invented in laboratories. Many are discovered in nature. So far we've looked at two percent of tropical rain forest plants to see what valuable compounds they might contain. For all we know, solutions to health problems like cancer and AIDS may well exist in tropical forests."
—Russ Mittermeir, VP of science at the World Wildlife Fund and Associate Professor of Anatomical Sciences at State University of New York at Stony Brook

"[Modern man] has multiplied his numbers to plague proportions, caused the extinction of hundreds of species of animals, ransacked the planet for fuels, and now stands like a brutish infant, gloating over his meteoric rise to ascendancy, on the brink of the final mass extinction and of effectively destroying this oasis of life in the solar system."
—Greenpeace leaflet

"The sad ecological state of the Chesapeake Bay in our region of Tidewater, Virginia, has been a major issue for many years, so we have been concerned and involved with it on a local level for a good while now. I think it's probably human nature that a problem like this doesn't really penetrate most people's consciousness in any real or profound way until it's right in front of them, right in their backyard, with very real possibilities for tangible effects on their lives. We wrote a song called 'Look Out Any Window,' basically an environmental awareness song for our last record, because it was something we felt strongly about. We have done benefits such as the Rain Forest concert with the Grateful Dead at Madison Square Garden. We are also giving the royalties from "Look Out" to Greenpeace and the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, along with donating the song to the Greenpeace record to sort of 'put our money where our mouth is.' We're just trying to contribute in some way out of a natural concern for the future of our land, air, and water."
—Bruce Hornsby

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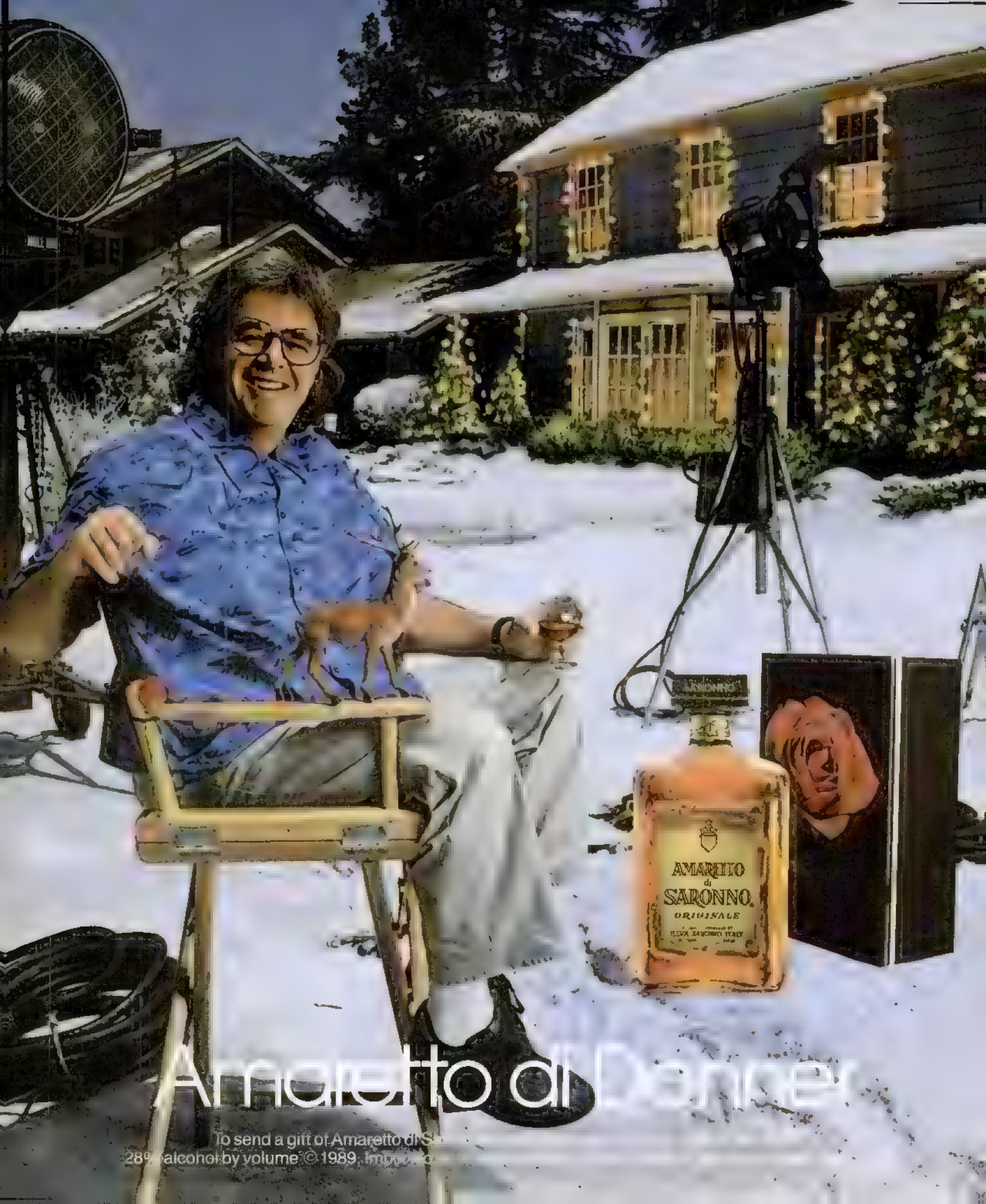
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Lucky Star

After the Go-Go's, Belinda Carlisle was broke and strung-out. As much as hard work, it was good luck, good looks and good pop music that brought her back to the top.

Article by Jonathan Van Meter

Stopping and starting in noontime, cab-clogged, midtown Manhattan traffic, Belinda Carlisle's limousine inches its way towards the MTV studios Belinda sits demurely facing front, oblivious to the urban chaos that churns around her. Everything she wears is black, except for her expensive-looking leopard skin shoes and gold jewelry. Her hair, a wonderment of freshly-dyed redness and artificial curl, falls around a face that is at once pointy and soft. She is Belinda, the good witch of the West Coast, and she has descended upon New York in a bubble of auburn LA sunshine.

Also in the limo is Jeannine Braden, Belinda's assistant, pal and former roomie. Almost as cute, though trying a little harder, she is around for makeup maintenance and moral support. Katie Valk, a raspy, rowdy publicist from MCA Records, and Dana Millman, Belinda's agent, are along because they can be. Belinda has always been more comfortable around women. That's one of the few things about her that *hasn't* changed. And today, there is clearly some girl bonding happening in this limo. Later, they will all go shopping together.

For now, though, Belinda works. "I'm like a robot. Get me ready, wind me up, and take me there." At MTV, she will do two interviews and several promos, smiling the whole time, agreeing to everything ("Sure." "O.K." "No problem." "Yup.") except makeup ("I have my own, thank you"). Afterwards, she will do the same at VH-1. Later tonight, with her husband in tow, and indulging in nary a bite of food nor a drop of alcohol, she will obligingly work the room at a schmoozy record company party for the release of her new album, *Runaway Horses*. And she will do all of this without one bitch or moan

In the Good Natured Pop Star Sweepstakes, second-time-around-female division: Belinda Carlisle, first place!

Early this morning Belinda was on New York radio personality Howard Stern's show. They got along famously. Now, in the limo on the way to MTV, it's up for discussion

"When I told him I was having work done on my house," says Belinda, "he goes, 'Do you live there while it's being done?' And I said 'Yeah.' And he goes, 'Do the workmen get to see you walking around in your underwear?' " Giggles.

"He gets so worse than that," says Dana.

"So worse!" says Belinda. "When Kathy and Gina went on his show to do a Go-Go's interview on the

Photography by Jon Ragel

last tour, he just came right out and said, 'Is it true that the Go-Go's are bull dykes?' "

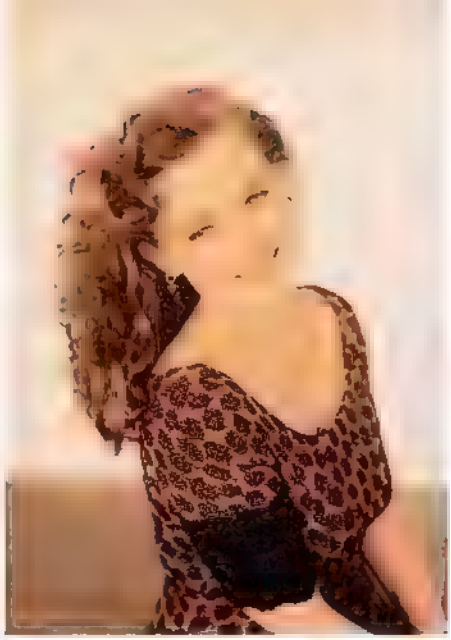
"He has such a lesbian obsession," says Katie.

"He went on today, of course, about lesbians too," says Belinda. "In fact, he said 'Here's a cut from your new album,' and he played 'I'm Proud to Be a Lesbian.' I said, 'I didn't write that.' He has a real lesbian thing. But he's funny. A lot of people are offended by him. I just think he's very, very funny."

"You make his pee pee weak," says Katie

"*Eeeeeewwww!*"

Belinda Carlisle has reason to be perpetually nice and sickeningly happy (if not just plain smug and self-satisfied). The girl has had more breaks than Lazarus. Almost 11 years ago, when she was just 20, Belinda met Charlotte Caffey, Gina Schock, Kathy Valentine and Jane Wiedlin at a party. Their late-night, drugged-up whimsy turned into legend—the Go-Go's. And as legend has it, only Charlotte had ever seen a guitar before their first rehearsal. "She had to show us how to plug in our amps," says Belinda. "We wrote songs by numbering the frets on the guitars." In true rock'n'roll fairy-tale form, *Beauty and the Beat*, their 1981 debut, sold two million copies. Four years, three albums, many tours and hundreds of parties later, the glory was gone, and the Go-Go's split up. Belinda was left a chubby, confused drug addict without a band to sing in front of. Just to make things a little less hopeful, she had pissed away all of her money; the band, she says, had been "ripped off" by IRS Records, and she was in tax trouble. To make ends meet, she did ads for Almay makeup and Agree shampoo. An intentional overdose would not have surprised anyone.



The metamorphosed Carlisle

But remember, this is Lucky Belinda. Just before the band split up—at the height of Go-Go misery, in fact—Big Break #2 materialized in the form of a great-looking, well-connected, smart, successful Ken doll. She met Morgan Mason—the son of the late actor James Mason and former talk-show lady Pamela Mason—at a restaurant opening in LA in 1984. Mason was fresh off a stint as the youngest-ever White House aide (he was 25). In true fairy-tale *romance* form, she knew from their first date that they were "meant to be together forever."

At the time, it sounded like a ridiculous coupling: wacky, intoxicated, punky gal meets conservative, Republican young gun—as well as a betrayal to everything rock'n'roll. But, Mason proved to be the foil Belinda needed to help her get it together. After several months of Jane Fonda and other more serious programs, she had lost weight, toned up, cleaned up, dried up, and rethought her hair style—it was nothing short of a metamorphosis. Then, Big Break #3 presented itself: she became a star for the *second* time around.

If starting the Go-Go's, finding the seemingly perfect man, and getting off drugs can be seen as a lucky streak, then jump starting her dead career was a transcendental phenomenon. "No one wanted to touch me," says Belinda. "I guess everybody thought I needed the rest of the band to do anything." Her 1986 solo debut, *Belinda* (produced by Peter Lloyd), went gold on the strength of one hit single, "Mad About You" and her record company president, Miles Copeland, never even called to congratulate her. "He said, 'Oh, she should congratulate me. *I'm* the one that made that record big.' And when it boils down to it, 'Mad About You' is just a really good song. I think he was embarrassed about the kind of music I was doing. It wasn't . . . you know . . . progressive, cutting-edge stuff. I love that stuff, but it's not the kind of music I've ever done."

Belinda left IRS full of resentment, signed with MCA, and switched producers to Rick Nowels, a man who, until then, had only produced music for telephone commercials and one pop song: Stevie Nicks's "Stand Back." *Heaven on Earth* cranked out three Top 5 singles ("Heaven is a Place on Earth," "I Get Weak" and "Circle in the Sand") and went platinum. And if the songs were a little wimpy, it didn't really matter. Belinda had her new body, new

Jan Regel Styling: Jeannine Braden Makeup: Paul Starr/Profile Hair: Syd Curry/Visages

wardrobe and new long hair to show off in a couple of expertly-done videos directed by her new friend Diane Keaton

Inside the MTV studios sitting in a couchy room, sipping water, checking her makeup, waiting to be interviewed by Adam Currie, Belinda is flipping through *Billboard* listing her favorites. "I love the Cure, Guns N' Roses of *course*, Neneh Cherry, Prince, Soul II Soul, Bobby Brown, the Cult, R.E.M. I *don't* like Milli Vanilli."

Steve Leeds, who works at MTV, comes in to chat

"I was home at my parents' house going through my records," he says, "and I found my old Go-Go's single on Stiff records and I went, 'Look at her. *Holy mackerel!*' Look at what a little *punker* she was."

"Yup," says Belinda. "Sure was."

After her interview with Adam Currie, she comes back to the room, flops on the couch, and contentedly waits for VH-1 to beckon. Suddenly, Jeannine pipes up with a story from the week before when she and Belinda were doing press in England.

"[Belinda] was on a children's show," says Jeannine, "and she was really out of it and they were asking her how the Go-Go's got together, and she started to say. . . . "

"We were on acid," says Belinda, laughing.

"I was *horrified*," says Jeannine

"We dropped acid and we were at a party," says Belinda. "Which is really true . . . well, *I* was on acid at least."

SPIN: What's your life like now?
Belinda Carlisle: It's very quiet, very low key. I never go out. Morgan never goes out. We might go to one party a year

It sounds boring.
It's *not* boring It was boring for the first year because I had to learn how to do things without . . . I had to learn how to go to dinner again. That was really tough. Just going to dinner without checking out everybody in the room to see who might have coke. Or running to the phone to call to see if I could get drugs. That was such a big part of my life for seven years

Was coke your drug of choice?
I did *everything* Well . . . yeah, everything. I've done every single drug. It was starting to get into a lot harder drugs than coke towards the end. I quit when I was ahead. I quit when I heard that there was new cheaper coke that was going to be out on the street. Which turned out to be crack

Do you believe in God?
I do now

Did that have anything to do with quitting?
No, it was simpler than that. I knew I was killing myself I never bothered to look in the mirror for about four years. My sister said to me one day, "You look really *old*," and that horrified me. I had gone downhill so fast, it was just unbelievable. Morgan had a lot to do with it. He didn't force me to make any decisions, it's just that I came to the conclusion that I wanted to pursue a serious relationship with him and I wouldn't be able to do that if I was still strung out. He had no idea when he got involved with me that I had these problems. After about three months he realized what he had gotten into with this drug addict. He was horrified and very mixed up as to what he should do. Plus I had very low self esteem. I *hated* myself. I had *humiliated* myself in public over the past five years so many times. I just didn't feel like doing that anymore I didn't feel like beating myself up anymore

Did your family know?
They had no idea what was going on with me *At all* I think they had inklings because of my behavior. I think they wanted to turn away My mom didn't want to believe that I had a drug problem. Just after I got cleaned up I really sort of fessed up as to what was going on. But she didn't believe it She just saw what she wanted to see.

What's your family like?
I'm the oldest of seven. I grew up in Thousand Oaks, a very suburban town near LA. I have a very middle-class background Very, very super normal I had to go to church every Sunday. My mom's pretty religious, my father's not. There's really nothing outstanding about where or how I grew up. If anything, we were pretty poor. Especially when I was a teenager. I had, like, two outfits. We were always the poorer kids around. I grew up with an alcoholic parent My real father left when I was 5 I had to deal with a lot of things.

Are you close to your family?
Not really. I'm not really close to my brothers and sisters. I don't know why. Part of it is because I choose . . . no, I don't choose not to be. I want to be close to them. I kind of feel uncomfortable . . . I think I feel guilty sometimes about . . . my success in some ways. Even though I'm a lot better about it than I used to be. I

Continued on page 86

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Beyond the Valley of the Ultra Glam Boys

If it was a B-movie, this installment of the Mötley Crüe saga would be entitled "Tweaked-out Thrill Freaks Escape from Planet Krell." Clean and sober for the first time in their decade together, the Crüe are on tour and on top of the world.

Article by Dean Kuipers

"If that's our plane, Fish-dog, I'm takin' a cab to Stockholm," blurts Crüe guitarist Mick Mars from the back of the airport bus. We lurch to a stop on the tarmac next to a small Fokker turboprop with a big bumblebee painted on the side

"It's all I could get, dude," smoothes tour manager Rich Fisher. The custom Mötley Learjet is back home in LA, and the Crue are using only commercial flights on this Scandinavian leg of the *Dr. Feelgood* tour. "It's only a 45-minute hop from Gothenburg"

"No, really Rich," says Mars, his voice edgy. "I hate these things. The noise is horrible. They don't pressurize the cabins sometimes. You have to *buy* drinks. If I get in that plane, we're gonna die."

"This is it," Nikki Sixx stands and declares to the other 25 passengers. "This is the last flight of Motley Crüe. Just like Lynyrd Skynyrd. Somebody take a picture."

We load the Fokker single-file. The pilot has his window open and hangs his arm out like he's driving a truck. Behind me, Mars is croaking, "We're gonna die."

"We're gonna die," repeat all four Mötleys in chorus, taking the first few rows of seats. "We're all gonna die," they mumble at each passenger squeezing by

The lone stewardess glares at the Crüe and the six of us in the entourage—Fisher, assistant Mike Amato, security chief

Photography by Ross Halfin

Mike Andy, backup vocalists Emi Canyn and Donna McDaniel (better known as the Nasty Habits), and myself. Whispers of Death are very bad form; the Swedes in the rear are visibly freaked. The boys stop and an anxious hush falls over the aircraft. Mars has managed to spread his discomfort over the whole craft. He is triumphant.

"What the hell're you all afraid of?" he chirps.

Twenty-eight-year-old Nikki Sixx, bassist and songwriter for Mötley Crüe, lays crumpled in a pile on the floor of the Franklin Plaza Hotel in Hollywood, surrounded by a small circle of friends. It is December 22, 1987, and Sixx—off smack for the duration of the aborted *Girls, Girls, Girls* tour—has botched a heroin fix. His jaw hangs slack, drool running out of his mouth. The used hypo hangs where it stuck in the carpet, leaving a little stain of blood and smack. The room falls silent; Nikki's friends panic as his breathing falters, then fails altogether. The paramedics arrive. His heart stops.

Mick Mars stands dead still as the lights pour up and the first deafening wail from his mirrored Kramer bounces off the ceiling of the Helsinki, Finland, *Jäähalli* (literally "Icehall"). It is October 24, 1989. Skid Row has just cleared the stage and the Crüe come out one by one. Mars is the first. Head back, his fiendish little body arched toward the lights, Mars holds the guitar straight up in front of his face and works the tremolo to make the sound of the slow-lifting gears of a Harley. Vari-lights all over the hockey rink track in on him as he jerks the guitar to change gears. Right away you know a Crüe show isn't really about words. And right away it doesn't matter.

Nikki's friends are lolling around half-conscious, stunned. Nikki Sixx, however, is dead. Over two minutes pass. He fails to respond to CPR. Nikki and his girlfriend had nurtured a taste for Persian smack that cost them over $10,000 a month. This should have been a routine fix. Maybe the piles of "krell"—cocaine—and the endless stock of Jack Daniels roll him over the white line into death. Within a few hours Mick Mars, Tommy Lee and Vince Neil will each get a phone call telling them that Nikki is gone and Mötley Crüe is finished.

Tommy Lee's drum cage explodes in lights and he trips a throaty motorcycle sample that runs across the stage in stereo. Vocalist Vince Neil sails across the stage at a gallop and together they launch their set with one of the most locomotive songs on the new album, "Kickstart My Heart." Hollywood's quintessential glam-junkie metal band have honed a killer instinct and pushed beyond their redneck American peers to deliver a show worthy of their progenitors—Aerosmith, Cheap Trick, Sweet and Van Halen. European arenas have banned fireworks—and the Crüe aren't into makeup anymore—so hungry Mötley fans just feed off the sound.

Four minutes without breathing or a pulse is as long as a body can go without irreversible brain damage. In a fit of desperation, one of the paramedics in Nikki's room produces a hypo with a five-inch needle, loads it with pure adrenaline, and plunges it into the dead rocker's heart. The other charges up the cardiac defibrillator to 300 joules and they blast him. They kickstart Nikki's heart. It picks up the beat again and he gets another chance—at everything.

Hours later, Nikki calls the rest of the Crüe, interrupting their shocked mourning like a voice from the tomb to tell them he wasn't, in fact, dead.

Mötley Crüe are by now legendary for their idiotic courtship with violence and the Grim Reaper. Now celebrating their 10th anniversary, Mötley Crüe have cleaned up and gone on the wagon. They've shrugged off a squalid mojo of DUIs, high-speed car wrecks, VD, vehicular manslaughter, gun threats and years of coke and alcohol abuse to finally grab rock'n'roll by the short hairs. "Now I have the fire again, but in a different way," says Nikki. *Dr. Feelgood*, their first album in three years, went number one and double-platinum only two months after its release in September. "I'd never even thought about things like number-one albums. We were told we were gonna go number one last time out, and then Whitney Houston fucking *debuted* at number one. Nobody debuts at number one. I was pissed. Not because Bon Jovi and Poison went number one, but because of the industry. I felt I needed revenge."

"This album was recorded on Foster's Lager, Budweiser, Bombay Gin, lots of Jack Daniels, Kahlua and Brandy, Quackers and Krell, and Wild Women! THE CRÜE"

—note on the back cover of 1983's Shout At The Devil

"I love the sound of things exploding or breaking," says Tommy Lee. "It's like your motorcycle; it ain't happening if it's not loud."

Tommy Lee: "I used to take accordion lessons. I whipped out some heavy polkas and Beatles tunes 'n' shit."

"Dudes, I'm surprised that the manager of this hotel has been so cool," Tommy muses over minestrone and coffee at the Strand Scandinavia in Stockholm. He wears only a rose-embroidered vest over his 6'4", razor-strop torso, and the full-sleeve Japanese tattoo-work on his right arm shines in the candlelight. "Last time we were here we destroyed this place. We fuckin' threw something on this bogus art over here. . . ."

"Oh, yeah!" starts Nikki, his shock of black hair humming, a black sweatshirt pulled over his own gorgeous tattoos. He was the first Crüester to get tattooed. "I sat at that bar over there with Malcolm Young [of AC/DC] on the Monsters of Rock tour and he was all rotted. Fuck, we *all* were. I was full of about a pound of krell and Halcyons [a short-acting sedative, like Valium]. He said, 'I'll punch your head off,' and I said, 'Well, I'll rip your fuckin' head off and put my fist down your neck, you little midget,' and took a swing."

"I was all rotted that same night," Tommy continues, like he's remembering his favorite movie, "and we went to the Cafe Opera. It's all beautiful inside, like a castle, and I was like 'Mmmmeeeaygh.' This guy was in my face and I just peeled off a 'fuck you' and spit a big hocker right in his face, man. Within *milliseconds* some big gorilla had my fists together behind my neck and he picked me right up off the ground and threw me out in the cold rain like that. *Then* there's this girl riding by on her bicycle and she sees me laying there and she says 'stupid American.' I lurched over there and punched this little girl right off her bike!

"*Then* I was surrounded by these pissed-off people from Stockholm 'cause I'd decked this girl. They were circling in like a pack of wolves for the kill, dude. The security guy saw me from inside and he hauled my ass outta there and barricaded me in a phone booth. In there, I was all paranoid and I was trying to call my mom at home and shit."

"We used to concoct up a little mix of Halcyon and cocaine, crushed up," Nikki explains, "then snort that shit all night and by 2 a.m. you'd be totally blitzed—but still awake. We were the bodies that would not sleep."

"You guys remember when Tommy and I bought those flare guns and set our room on fire in France?" chimes Vince, cracking a pained smile behind his dark shades and Don Johnson shave. "We didn't know what the fuck they were, but we're total gun freaks and they had these little cartridges you drop in them. So we both stood over the bed and popped them off and—whang!—these big balls of fire were bouncing all over the room and they landed in the middle of the bed and—whump!—they ignited! The fire just ate everything we threw on top of it. We split in a panic, without the key, and the door locked behind us.

"We looked under the door and we could see flames leaping. We were flapping around, goin', 'Fuck!' So we got the manager and he brought this huge necklace of keys. I think we were all fucked up and we got Rich to take the manager away while we opened the room ourselves. Smoke and shit was billowing into the hall. We put it out and ditched the bedding and I guess they just thought we stole it or something."

"Dean," Nikki says, peeling off his prescription shades, shaking his head slowly, "it was like that every day for *years*, man. It only got worse."

Ross Halfin

Ross Halfin

Jokin' in the boys' room (l-r): Vince Neil, Nikki Sixx, Tommy Lee and Mick Mars.

Much worse. While recording *Shout at the Devil*, Nikki smashed his Porsche into a telephone pole at 70 mph, requiring a major operation to reconstruct his right shoulder. Just before that, Tommy rolled his 280-Z seven times off a California freeway at 90 mph, totalling the car, but escaping injury.

But the rock'n'roll charm ran out when it was Vince's turn at the wheel. On the night of December 8, 1984, Vince and pal Nicholas Dingley, the drummer for Hanoi Rocks, were out in Neil's '72 Ford Pantera for a beer run in Redondo Beach. Vince took a left-hand turn at speed, drifted over the line into traffic, and front-ended a Volkswagen driven by 20-year-old Daniel Smithers. Smithers took a devastating blow to the head and his passenger, 18-year-old Lisa Hogan, was in a coma for 28 days. Dingley—who called himself Razzle—was dead. Neil was found to be legally drunk at the scene and later pleaded guilty to charges of drunk driving and vehicular manslaughter.

Plea bargaining didn't keep Vince out of jail. He was sentenced to 30 days for the County, five years probation, and ordered to pay $1.8 million to Lisa Hogan, $571,000 to Smithers, $200,000 to Razzle's estate, and to do 200 hours of community service. Today, Vince says the accident cost him well over three million dollars.

These three accidents led to taped public service announcements, benefit concerts and appearances where the band said things like, "Dude, don't drink and drive." They made hefty donations, like the $75,000 they gave to the Palmer Drug Abuse Program in LA. Nikki, Tommy and Vince made spotty, brief calls at rehab houses and AA, in between which they'd lapse straight back into the coke and Jack Daniels. Even then, Mars—conspicuously absent from this mayhem—was calling it "mouthwash."

"You've got to be really sincere about that anti-drug shit," said Vince at a press conference in Helsinki. "I never stopped doing ads and stuff, but I did some of them loaded. That's the worst."

I'm in the hall backstage at the Oslo Skedsmohallen, jabbering with the black-shirted security guards from Pro-Sec, when the Crüe burst out of their dressing room and head toward the stage. They get vitamin B-12 and B-6 shots for energy and stamina.

"These shots hurt tonight," whines Nikki. "I'm feelin' kind of sick now."

"They hurt?" shies Vince.

"It's the B-6, it's like *thick*."

"On the last tour I used to get steroid shots before each show," says Vince. "I was at the point where I was mainlining these fuckin' steroids. I didn't need it. If I didn't get it I'd just bitch and moan and whine. After a while, every time I'd ask for it, they'd have a doctor just come inject me with water! I would be very happy because I thought I got my fucking drugs!"

All the Mötleys are ringed with eyeliner, though only Nikki continues to sport a minimum of leather straps and studs. He shed over 30 pounds in order to go shirtless on this tour, casting a furtive eye over at Tommy, clad only in Converse Chuck Taylors and the skimpiest of bikini briefs. Vince and Mars wear basic leathers, vests and T-shirts. The days of Kiss adulation are over, though Mick says he puts a little pancake on to cover the broken veins in his nose and Nikki dabs on a little white to make himself look more sick, "more Mötley."

Nikki is looking past me, clenching my hand, his eyes blazing with an almost supernatural lust for the stage. Suddenly they clear, focusing on my head.

"What the fuck is this!?" he bellows, grabbing my hair. He looks serious as death. Tommy roars in anguish and grabs the other side of my head. I'm pushed back against the wall by the entire band, eight hands groping at my head.

"EARPLUGS!?!?" Tommy shouts. "No way, dude."

Nikki laments, "Aw, man, we thought we let this cool, long-haired rocker hang with us. Dude, you take those out or you're outta here. No way."

"You see any of us wearing fuckin' earplugs, man?" asks Vince.

"It was Helsinki," I protest, ripping the plugs out and throwing them on the floor. "I couldn't sleep, my ears rang so bad."

"Empty earholes, dude," Tommy grins, waving a hand on the opposite side of his head as though I could see all the way through.

"You hear what we hear, Dean," says Nikki, oddly glazing and blazing again. "Every night. Let's do it, boys."

To all CRÜE fans: If and/or when you drink—Don't take the wheel. Live and learn—so we can all fuckin' rock our asses off together for a long, long time to come.

—*note on the sleeve to 1986's* Theatre of Pain

Eventually, even "partying in its place" dumped the band into a state of brain-constipation and abject misery. "One time I just woke up in the rehab," says Vince sourly. "I went to a fuckin' Lakers game and that was the last I remember . . . I was in and out of there so many times I can't really remember . . . and I'd stay in there like a month."

"When we were on the [1985-6] *Theatre of Pain* tour, I'd been doing heroin off and on during breaks," says Nikki. "When I came home off the tour, I remember I had just bought my first house, my girlfriend met me at the airport with syringes and I said, 'Right on! Let's fuckin' party!' After that I never did stop shooting heroin until I got into rehab like months later . . . I remember at Tommy's wedding [May 10, 1986] I didn't shoot any drugs that day and I was going through withdrawal at his wedding, because I would have felt so bad if I was high during his wedding."

Krell, Halcyons, whiskey and smack buried the Crüe's *Girls, Girls, Girls* tour just after it left the US for Japan. "It had gone from what everyone thinks rock'n'roll *is*," says Nikki, "like the Small Faces all drinkin' at the bar and pickin' up chicks and going back to the hotel room and fucking—to just out and out no-fun, hardass drinking, fistfights, grumpy people all the time, looking like shit."

"Tommy and Nikki got thrown in jail there for throwin' Jack [Daniels] bottles on the bullet train," remembers Vince. "I almost got shot. I drank like 10 pitchers of kamikazes in this club called the Lexington Queen in Tokyo—and I don't remember any of this shit—and they said I just walked over to these Japanese businessmen, picked up their table, and fuckin' threw it at 'em, with all their drinks and shit. The guy who was sittin' there, though, was the son of the head of the Japanese Mafia and those were all his security guys. They drew all their fuckin' guns on me—they were gonna kill me."

"Our security guys jumped on me and drug me out. There were a fuckin' thousand people around—the place was packed to the gills. I lost a fuckin' diamond Rolex watch that night. I woke up naked on the floor of my hotel room, not knowing what the fuck happened."

A couple days after the group returned from Japan, Nikki O.D.'d and their management, McGhee Entertainment, pulled the plug on the European leg of the *Girls* tour. The band called a somber meeting with management, backup singers the Nasty Habits, road crew—everyone—and asked for help. Everyone had to stop, which proved to be easier said than done—"a few weeks later I'd end up in the Rainbow with my shorts on from the beach, drinking these things called Quaaludes," burps Vince.

Sex, sobriety and rock'n'roll: Nikki Sixx (left) and Vince Neil

Eddie Malluk/Retna Ltd.

"I was the first to come forth and say, 'It's over for me, man,' " says Tommy, his face darkening. "I said, 'I'm fuckin' young, and I don't want this to end. I'm havin' the best time of my life, and if I continue to do this it'll be over.' And I was fuckin' very sad. I was cryin' "

Within a few months everyone had wrestled the problem down and put a big rock on it

At 2 30 a m., Tommy, Nikki and I are crammed onto a pair of tables at Helsinki's Metropole nightclub with eight girls who scrambled into the band's custom van from an earlier backstage party Forty fans clamor at the door outside; the girls jockey for position around the table. Buster Poindexter and his Banshees of Blue packed the house here a few hours earlier

"The New York Dolls were one of the main reasons I got into rock'n'roll," Nikki hollers over a warped, pounding Abba tune. "Remember that shit? I love it."

"I'm in hell!" whines Tommy, his hyperthin, but muscled, frame all but swallowed by his hair. "I'm in a club with chicks, listening to fuckin' disco and I can't even drink " He, like Nikki, nurses a tall mineral water with orange juice. Tommy, however, is less able to cover his distaste for the straight life. "Dean, when I get off this goddamn tour I'm gonna get all fuckin' rotted and you're invited." He puts his hands up like he's describing a marquis. " 'Tommy Gets Rotted, rated triple-X. Invitation only.' "

Then he motions to Nikki. "Let's bail "

We dash through the cold rain and cobblestones to the van where seven of the eight girls are standing at the curb wearing frowns as dismal as winter. Without a word to the chicks, big former football All-American Mike Andy closes the door behind me and flips on the interior light. Three girls from the gig are already inside. We roll for the four-star Strand Inter-Continental Hotel, where the international press corps are gathered for a party—Mikhail Gorbachev is in town meeting with the president of Finland. Nikki grills the girls about Finnish rock'n'roll, especially Hanoi Rocks Tommy asks whether the sauna can be opened this late

Andy whips out a walkie-talkie and probes Helsinki for tour manager Rich Fisher.

"Come in, 2 This is 86. Where are you number 2?"

A laid-back, California voice sparks through. "That's a copy hoppy Moammar Quadafft. At the 101 and headed for the sauna, 86. Over "

"At 3 in the morning, number 2?"

"Listen, 86. You and whoever you got with you can come on up. It's on the eighth floor. I talked to the management and the two wonderful ladies who work the saunas and massages were called back in and they'll stay for another hour, over."

This is why the Crüe have clung to Fisher for over eight years already. He facilitates their every wish wrangles them private dining rooms, pulls the liquor out of the minibars in the boys' rooms, scratches an itch for any rock'n'roll excess.

The radio codes were worked up by the previous security chief, Fred Saunders. 101 is the hotel, krell is 100; a fine chick, 714; the unfortunate fat bimbo, 747. Number 1 is the band's general manager, Doug Thaler.

On the eighth floor of the Strand, the two sauna ladies look bleary-eyed, but tickled, in their white gowns and hospital shoes. They usually only work till 10 p m., but that's with bitchy Japanese businessmen and drunken Brits, not a gaggle of smiling, sober young bodies like the Crüe and their guests. The full glass roof gives out onto a view of one of Helsinki's saltwater inlets, and you can see vodka-stunned Finns straggling by in twos and threes under the aspen trees in the plaza. A mob of brave fans are sitting out in the cold. The older woman—later affectionately dubbed "Nurse Ratchet" by the boys—takes Rich into the sauna

"I don't let the other girl do it," she says coyly, "because I'm the motherly type. You are cute boys and she will be tempted."

Drinks arrive. Beers for the girls and "nonalcoholic" 3.2 beer for the Crüe. We seem to be listening to Abba again

Shy, leprechaun-like Mick Mars has disappeared to the room he shares with Emi Canyn, one of the Nasty Habits. The two are recently engaged, creating a road arrangement that seems to suit Mars. Unlike the others, he's not a thrill freak, stays off motorcycles and out of cars, has been divorced twice, has three kids, and says when he drank he was "a closet drunk." After every show, he jumps in a limo with Emi and Donna—the Nasty's other effusive bombshell—and dashes out, signing no autographs, meeting no groupies, ducking the limelight

Tommy's fidgety, eyeing the beer, overenergized by months of the right food and working out. Two girls—underage—clutch their beers. "We are going to stay and talk with *Wince*," they announce.

"Are these girls freaked or what?" Nikki says absently. "Shit, a couple years ago, we'd have everyone's clothes off and the pool full of chicks." The two girls come sit down next to him and he blurts out, "I just can't wait to see my ol' lady in Paris on Sunday " Nikki has been living with former *Playboy* playmate Brandi Brandt, whose 3x2 poster graces the inside door of his wardrobe crate. Vince is happily married, for the second time. Tommy has been married for over three years to former "Dynasty" vixen Heather Locklear.

By 4 a.m the sauna party is over and the boys have retired. Nurse Ratchet is telling funny stories in Finnish to six girls. Their laughter floats down the hall

There's a body lying prone in front of Tommy's door. Turns out he's one of the serious people from the press shindig downstairs, still in his three-piece, his tie perfectly ironed and knotted, passed out on the floor, drooling and reeking of that Grant's bourbon that tastes like lacquer. Inside, Tommy has ordered up breakfast and a VCR and is just finishing his working day, reviewing a rough edit of the new "Kickstart" video.

"Remember when Tommy and I bought those flare guns and set our room on fire in France?" says Vince.

Mötley Crüe gave the world its first sour whiff of West Coast glam-metal when they tore out a little space on the lunatic fringe of the LA punk scene in 1981. The Crüe, along with Ratt, Quiet Riot and others, started it all Now the bogus umlauts, scaled-down Kiss wardrobes and warpaint (or scaled-up New York Dolls schtick, whatever), and brainless dabbling with satanic pentagrams define the genre, while the Crüe shed most of that pose just about as quickly as they took it up.

The band originally formed in the loud, angry brain

of one Frank Carlton Serafino Ferranno, who started calling himself "Nikki" around 1979, when he was a 17-year-old drifter working with an LA glam band called London. Born in San Jose, Nikki's "wild mom" and migrant farmer grandparents had him living the gypsy life until he landed in Hollywood in '78.

By 1981, Nikki was finished with London and began to chase down an idea for a new band he wanted to call Christmas, and hooked up with a raw, hyperactive 17-year-old drummer named Tommy Lee. The two of them came across Bob Deal's ad in the LA *Recycler*: "Loud, Rude, Aggressive Guitarist Available." They gave him a call and, true enough, he was loud, clearly a psycho case and about the ugliest guy they'd ever met. The chemistry was perfect and Deal announced he was calling himself Mick Mars ("That's the name I gave me," he says when accosted). It was Mars, a born punster, who dubbed the gang Mötley Crüe, and it stuck. Tommy brought in a friend he'd cut high school with in Covina, California, Vince Wharton. The Crüe was complete.

The band came out of their first drunk together working like dogs. They wrote and recorded their first single, "Toast of the Town" b/w "Stick to Your Guns," before they'd ever appeared together onstage. The leather, lipstick and even the pentagrams were meant to force a first impression; they wanted the fast notoriety gained by the most outrageous punk acts. ("It could have just as easily been a swastika," shrugs Nikki, "anything to wake people up.") Early shows were a fracas of demolished equipment and drug-addled antics—lighting themselves on fire, chainsawing the heads off mannequins.

In less than a year, they'd exhausted themselves with low-budget thrills, recorded 1982's *Too Fast for Love* for local independent label Leather Records in three days on a $20,000 budget, and squeezed into a contract with Elektra. In 1989, LA bands from Guns N' Roses to Jane's Addiction have followed this simple formula: outrageous punk reputation plus independent record equals slick industry contract. Though only a half-dozen DJs in America would spin the remixed version of *Too Fast for Love* Elektra re-released, the record has now gone platinum, and each successive Crüe record has gone double-platinum with increasing, astonishing speed. In 1989, metal is the preferred poison of blue-collar and mall-rat proles all over the world. Along with rap it dominates MTV and accounts for at least 40 percent of all records sold in the US.

Underneath the *Dr. Feelgood* stage, underneath the pile of 31 Marshall guitar amps and 11 Ampeg bass cabinets that the Crüe stand in front of every night, is a little room where Vince, Nikki and Tommy go while Mick plays his mid-set 10-minute solo. Mars has never had this spot in the Mötley show before, and probably never wanted it. Clean for the first time in at least 10 years, he's discovered—not without some pleasant shock—that he can really crank.

Onstage Mars has a rack of three country steel guitars (set up like keyboards) which he uses to play the slide-guitar opening of "Slice of Your Pie." For his solo, he jumps from one steel to the next, leaving them jangling while he sparks out a blistering riff on the mirrored Kramer around his neck, shredding through five stanzas of too-many-note excess that makes most of the 14-year-olds in the front row clap their hands over their ears. This unnamed solo is Mick Mars's antidote for years of power chords, his equivalent of Van Halen's "Eruption."

It is the change in Mars's guitarwork, in fact, that makes most of *Dr. Feelgood* perfectly listenable at home. Mars was the primary author of four of the best tunes on the album, utilizing a year's time and the physical and psychic space available at Vancouver's Little Mountain Studio—and the talents of the Cult's producer, Bob Rock—to wring his own style out of the honest Mötley grind. At Little Mountain, the band had only the company they *wanted* in the studio, namely Aerosmith's Steven Tyler and Joe Perry (another pair now wielding one of their best albums after a long fight with smack), Cheap Trick's Robin Zander and Rick Nielsen, Jack Blades of Night Ranger and Bryan Adams.

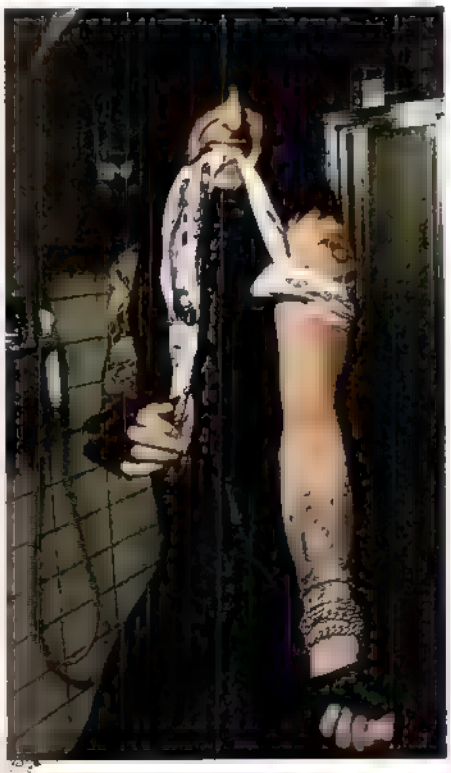
"There's a lot of things that've come out that were dormant, drunk, in the back of my mind," eases Mick, slowed by a dose of tryptophan, an amino acid he uses to relax and refrain from drinking.

"I've always tried to be a different type of guitar player; I'm not a technical wiz or a speed master. I try to do melodic solos. Granted, a lot of them aren't real good, but they're memorable. These new songs have more of a blues kind of feel. I've been doing that stuff for a long time before Mötley—back when I was a kid listening to Paul Butterfield and Michael Bloomfield, Leslie West, Ten Years After."

Though Mars did most of his growing up in California, he was born and raised in Huntington, Indiana—a home town he shares with Vice President Danforth Quayle. Today there's a sign on the edge of town that reads: "Home of Mick Mars." Just goes to show that Midwesterners sometimes know where to place their loyalties.

True to the band's dark, otherworldly roots, Mars would someday like to write and direct B-grade horror movies.

Nikki Sixx: "I've always had this fire. I could never get rid of it."



Ross Halfin

No longer "dancing on glass," tattoo needles are the only kind that get under Nikki Sixx's skin.

Tommy is loping around his room in the Helsinki Strand, his mouth frozen in a demented grin. He's registered in the hotel as Peter Goesinya. The Swedes don't get the joke.

"Look at some of this good shit I bought in Amsterdam, Dean." He holds up an 18-inch plastic cock that weighs about four pounds and must be 10 inches in circumference. "Heather's gonna freak when she sees this, man." He jacks a cassette into the VCR he'd ordered.

"See that, dude? That's piss. She's hosin' that guy's piss off the fuckin' picnic table."

"What, he peed on her?"

"Nikki, man, that's not the best part, yet. Check out this fuckin' poop. You are gonna flip right the fuck out."

"T-Bone, I don't think I can watch this. I gotta eat soon."

"Dude, stick it out. It's worth it."

DING!

"What's the password?"

"Poop."

"O.K., come on in."

"Amato, dude, he's poopin' like real soon, guy."

"Where's the Mars-man? And Fish and Andy?"

"I thought she liked piss. Now she's washin' it all off."

"They're really hygienic in Amsterdam, Dean."

"Look at her suck that hog, man."

"Check out his fuckin' leg, man. He been bangin' that smack or what? There's little blue tracks all up the inside of his leg."

"That what those are? They are blue. He looks like he's had some tattoos taken off—there's some bare, discolored skin up there."

"These people are probably dead by now."

DING!

"It's the service girl, man. They want to change the fuckin' sheets."

"Is she cute?"

"Dudes! Somethin's happening! He's gonna do it!"

DINNNNNNG!

"Tell her to go away!"

"It's Vince Montana!"

"Awesome! Vince, dude, you're just in time for poop! . . . aww, it's so bogus and I AM SO INTO THIS!"

"Tommy, this is fuckin' revolting."

"I know! But check it out! He's squatting! He's gonna launch a fuckin' load right on her tits!"

"Listen to him grunt!"

"AAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWWWW! NOO! FUCK NOOO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I CAN'T WATCH ANYMORE T-BONE! THIS IS FUCKED UP!"

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Wait! You hear the sound he made? I'm gonna play the video back again so we can hear the sound!"

DING! DING! DING!

"Mars-man!"

"You sick motherfuckers!"

"Marsy, it's a fuckin' POOP PARTY!"

"I ain't watchin' no goddamn poop. I came down to see the new video for 'Kickstart.'"

The Crüe can buy into any cheap thrill they want these days. Which means that they just generally want *more*. Bigger. Faster.

"Just in search of a rush, man," sighs Tommy. "Those fuckin' poop vids and shit. I mean, TV's boring. The news is depressing. Besides, I haven't

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Photography: Toscani

THE LEGACY OF TINA TURNER

After two multiplatinum albums and a world tour she claims was her last, Tina Turner had settled down in London. Now she's planning to move to Cologne with her 33-year-old German boyfriend. Maybe that's where the title of her latest album, *Foreign Affair*, comes from. Although the songs are a lot naughtier and more R&B than the stuff she's been singing for a long time, Tina's a lot tamer. She says she lives like a monk: a monk with sexy legs, short dresses and big hair.

Article by Scott Cohen

Tina Turner's legs are strong and sturdy, with well-defined calves and extraordinary thighs; they disappeared into a tight Louie Azzaro chain-link minidress, then reappear, years later, out of an Azzedine Alaia.

Infused with kinetic splendor, her legs can either draw attention from any car they might step in or out of, no matter how exotic, or lend class to a Sundance or Voyager, like in her TV commercials.

Tina's legs make up about 80 percent of her body without the wig, and only 40 percent with it. Although the legs are 50 years old, they look and move like a pair half their age.

Just to set the record straight, Tina says she never cared for her legs. "In my race of people, the heavier legs were more stylish and mine were always long and thin. So when people said I had great legs, I didn't put much value on it because I didn't really see it."

From certain angles, it seems that the lower leg is even stronger than the upper. They're very thin right up to the middle of the thighs, which are very long; sometimes she can't wear very high heels with short dresses. In order to get the shape of her leg, the dress must be very short; if the dress comes down to just above the knee while wearing high heels, the legs might read like Debbie Gibson's.

On her last tour, Tina wore Azzedine boots, which weren't good for her leg line, but she wore them anyway because it was rock'n'roll. Azzedine Alaia designs all of Tina's stage clothes.

Tina's feet are long and skinny; she wears size 8 1/2 A or B shoes, usually by Maud Frizon, Manolo Blahnik or Robert Clergerie, who makes great lace-ups, which she wears with Armani suits. She's on file at Clergerie so she can get whatever shoe she wants whenever she wants. In whatever color they can make it.

Tina judges a person by their shoes

When she moved to Sherman Oaks, California, Tina designed her closet with wood shoe racks anchored to the wall She had nearly 200 pairs of shoes, which she has since narrowed down to 100 One side of the closet was street shoes for daily wear; the other side, formal and evening.

Tina's legs aren't insured; her whole body is. Because the skin isn't dry, creams are never used. If she's feeling good, she'll have her legs waxed, but basically she shaves them while bathing.

In a previous lifetime, Tina's legs belonged to the great Egyptian Queen Hatshepsut, who usurped the throne from her perverted brother, who might have come back as Ike Turner.

Tina wears extra-long stockings, anything smaller will pull in the crotch. Tina would be the perfect "L'Eggs Girl," but she doesn't wear L'Eggs because they don't come in colors that flatter black people. Black legs look best in bronze tones; otherwise they come up ash.

Had her legs been white, they would have gone to Hollywood.

Tina Turner's legs were born in Nut Bush, Tennessee, a tiny backwoods town off State Highway 19, in 1939. Tina's legs are part black, part Navajo and Cherokee Because her parents were always fighting, her legs never got much love or affection.

Terry Costa/Outline

Instead, they often took to roaming the surrounding pastures and woodlands in search of solitude. After her parents split—first her mother, then her father—they were raised by grandparents and friends of the family.

While in the care of such a friend, Tina's legs attended a Pentecostal church, where they were exposed to the Holy Rollers service. As the trance-like music grew louder and louder, her legs danced faster and faster, so fast that her underpants fell down around the ankles, but that didn't stop them.

Tina's legs met Ike's at the Club Manhattan in East St. Louis in 1956. "Now, I wasn't attracted to Ike as a boyfriend when I first met him," says Tina. "Actually, when I first saw him, I thought he was terribly ugly, and he was. Of course, after we got together I changed him a bit. He had a bad dental set and a thin mustache and he was wearing a process. But he had great structure to his face, and I felt, if only he could see that. In the end he did and he was quite attractive. He had a flat kind of body, similar to how David Bowie looks in his suits. He always chose good clothing for himself, but was very bad with things for his face and hair. Ike and I were friends for years and that's how we should have kept it, but I think he was trying to control me, because he had bad relationships with people leaving him after the success." Obviously, Ike Turner was a leg man.

In the 16 years Ike and Tina were together, Ike beat her with his fists, metal shoe stretchers, shoes, phones, wire hangers and walking canes. Once, he threw boiling coffee in her face. He gave her numerous black eyes and swollen lips. He broke her arm and her ribs and busted her jaw, but he never broke her legs or sat on one of her wigs.

Tina started wearing wigs while in Washington, DC, around 1960. Ike was in St. Louis, standing trial for some bank job he'd allegedly pulled, when Tina decided to have her hair bleached. Bleached hair was the trend back then. But they left the heat cap on too long and all her hair fell out.

Tina's first wig was long and straight. She loved the way it moved as she strutted across the stage, so much so that pretty soon the Ikettes were wearing wigs too. It became the look.

Often women will choose men who are like their fathers. "My father was a beautiful man. I was not close to my father, I felt he didn't like me, but I remember everything about him. He was very neat, even when he was working in the cotton fields. He wore the proper hightop shoes and his overalls were always washed and ironed. He did have one hat he wore that did have sweat marks; but that was all that was unfresh about him. The few times I sat on his lap, I never remember smelling him. He was a very big, tall man. Physically, Ike was nothing like my father, but I guess psychologically they were similar. My father fought with my mother and Ike fought with his women. It was like a karma for me that I kept getting trapped in that kind of existence, but I knew I had to break out of it. Ike should not have been my boyfriend or husband, he's not the type of man I select for myself and I didn't select him; it was something I was caught in for 16 years. Since my divorce with Ike, I have not had a man strike me or even come near it."

It was Ike who changed her name from Anna Mae Bullock. Ever since he was a kid in Clarksdale, Ike was fixated with a white jungle goddess named Sheena.

"When Ike gave me that name, I didn't like it. But when I was divorced, I took nothing but my name, because I felt I had earned it. That name Tina opened doors. That name went on my driver's license and passport. That was my heritage from all the money that was taken away from me."

Herb Ritts

The day Tina finally left Ike—July 1, 1976—he had beaten her up so badly that her head was too swollen to wear a wig. They were in the Hilton hotel in Dallas, and when Ike crashed after having been up for several days on coke, Tina just tied a stretch wrap around her head and left the wig behind.

After leaving Ike, Tina's legs made guest appearances on "Hollywood Squares," a "Brady Bunch" variety show, "Donny and Marie," the "Cher" show and a "Laugh-In" revival. From there they went on the cabaret circuit, like Vegas, Tahoe and some of the big hotel chains, where a lot of burned out legs wind up. She wore the same style wigs as she did with the Ikettes. She even wore them with her glitzy Bob Mackie gowns. Then she got a manager who told her to get rid of the glitz and the long hair and start singing rock'n'roll.

When Tina launched her great comeback in the summer of 1981 at the Ritz in New York—which was followed by a duet, "Hot Legs," with Rod Stewart on "Saturday Night Live," and three numbers with Mick Jagger at the Brendan Byrne Arena in '82—Tina's wigs were short and straight with bangs. When she got a Grammy for "What's Love Got To Do With It?" in '85, and while performing with Jagger at Live Aid, her wig was big and wild like it is now, not like the white-blonde Aunty Entity wig she wore in "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome."

It's often said that Jagger learned to dance by watching Tina perform. "Mick wasn't dancing yet when we toured England with the Stones in 1966. I didn't know who he was. I thought he had a very strange face. It was a really white, white face with big lips. He was always standing in the wings behind the speaker looking at me. When I'm onstage I don't look around that much, but when I see something strange, I remember it. Finally I said something to Ike, and he said, 'That's Mick Jagger.' Ike brought Mick into the room backstage with the Ikettes and I started to play around, doing the pony and the other steps. From then on he'd always walk into the dressing room without knocking while we were dressing and Ike was with Keith and the guitars. After that he started to move around onstage."

During a performance, Tina will sometimes pull a vertebrae while hitting certain notes. A lot of her movements are a result of pain. "I cannot stand up straight and hit some of the notes I hit; a lot of my body language has to do with the song I'm singing." Certain songs, "Better Be Good To Me" and "Respect," can actually injure her. "Fifteen to twenty minutes into the show I start to climax for the first time. Usually when I'm climaxing, the songs start to heat up and get fast. I'm really perspiring, the legs are moving, the heart is really pumping, the body is straining." It's a wonder her wig doesn't just fly off. "It doesn't because it's clipped to my real hair, which I wear in little braids."

The lifespan of her stage wigs is about a year. She doesn't wear the soft curly hair, but the more course hair because of the quick changes and lots of brushing. You lose a lot of hair, the ends split and it's just about gone. Her private wigs last about two years.

Tina orders hair from Italy and makes her wigs herself. She doesn't wear wigs off the rack. By the time the hair reaches Tina's head, it's lost the spirit of the original owner.

"By then the vibrations are gone. You can't just get a friend to cut her hair and get it woven. It won't weave. You have to treat it and prepare it first. A lot of the hair I used to get came from Japan, and you can't color their hair; some of it won't even come up from bleaching. Through the years I've bought hair from all over the world. In my line of work, I choose my own look. I study television, I study my photographs and I look at what's there. What's there is legs and hair."

LIVING POETS SOCIETY

David Byrne

David Byrne is a Talking Head, soloist, Academy Award winner, poet, former* Time *cover boy and short-order cook.

Interview by Scott Cohen

RECORDS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED ME MOST
Cold Sweat, James Brown
The Who Sell Out, The Who
Trout Mask Replica, Captain Beefheart
An Evening With Wild Man Fisher, Wild Man Fisher

POP STARS I'VE WANTED TO LOOK LIKE
The Grateful Dead and Dexter Gordon—he has an amazing sense of cool that comes across during live performances

THE FIRST ROCK STAR I WANTED TO SLEEP WITH
Mia Farrow. Though she wasn't a rock star, she did marry Frank Sinatra

TWO MUSCIANS I'D LIKE TO BACK ME UP
Richard Thompson and Papo Lucca

MY THREE FAVORITE B-SIDES
"Double-Dutch Bus," Frankie Smith
"How Are We Going to Make That Black Nation Rise," Brother "D" with Collective Effort
"Nancy Reagan" (a reggae song about Nancy Reagan's dresses), The Blue Riddim Band

FOUR MOVIES I'VE SEEN IN ONE DAY
"The Abyss," "Star Trek," "Indiana Jones," "Commando," and a Sly Stallone movie. I would have seen "Lethal Weapon II" but the lines were too long.

SOMEONE I WOULDN'T MIND BEING FOR A MOMENT
Ryszard Kapuscinski; he wrote *The Emperor* and *Sha of Shas* and witnessed 27 political revolutions. To see some of the stuff he has seen and lived to tell about it is pretty amazing. The guy must have a charmed life.

AN EVENT IN HISTORY I'D LIKE TO HAVE WITNESSED
I don't think of history as a board game, where you can go from this event to that—things get nudged one way or another—but I'd like to have witnessed the burning bush or Joshua blowing his horn and the walls of Jericho come tumbling down. When you think of it, it must have been like an Indiana Jones movie

AN EVENT IN HISTORY I'D LIKE TO FORGET
I watched the rebroadcast of man landing on the moon 20 years later and the whole first hour and a half was one shot of Mission Control, where the camera never moved; you just heard the astronaut's voice over the radio. Then, finally, the big moment comes when they flick on the camera and you see a picture of the leg of the spaceship for a couple of hours. It was like an Andy Warhol movie

MY FAVORITE BOOK OF POETRY
Bean Spasm by Ted Berrigan and Ron Padget

MY FAVORITE LYRICS I'VE WRITTEN
"Priests pass by/The worm crawls in/One dreams to be/One dream for all" ("Cool Water")

MY MOST VALUED POSSESSIONS
A pencil and a hat. The pencil was an automatic one that I got in Berlin and I think I've since lost; the hat my parents had made for me by a hatter in Baltimore. I also have a pair of sandals that old men wear in Paris that I don't think I could find anywhere else, but I think it would be pretty dumb to grow attached to a pair of sandals

WHERE I HANG MY HAT
Not in the overhead bin of an airplane.

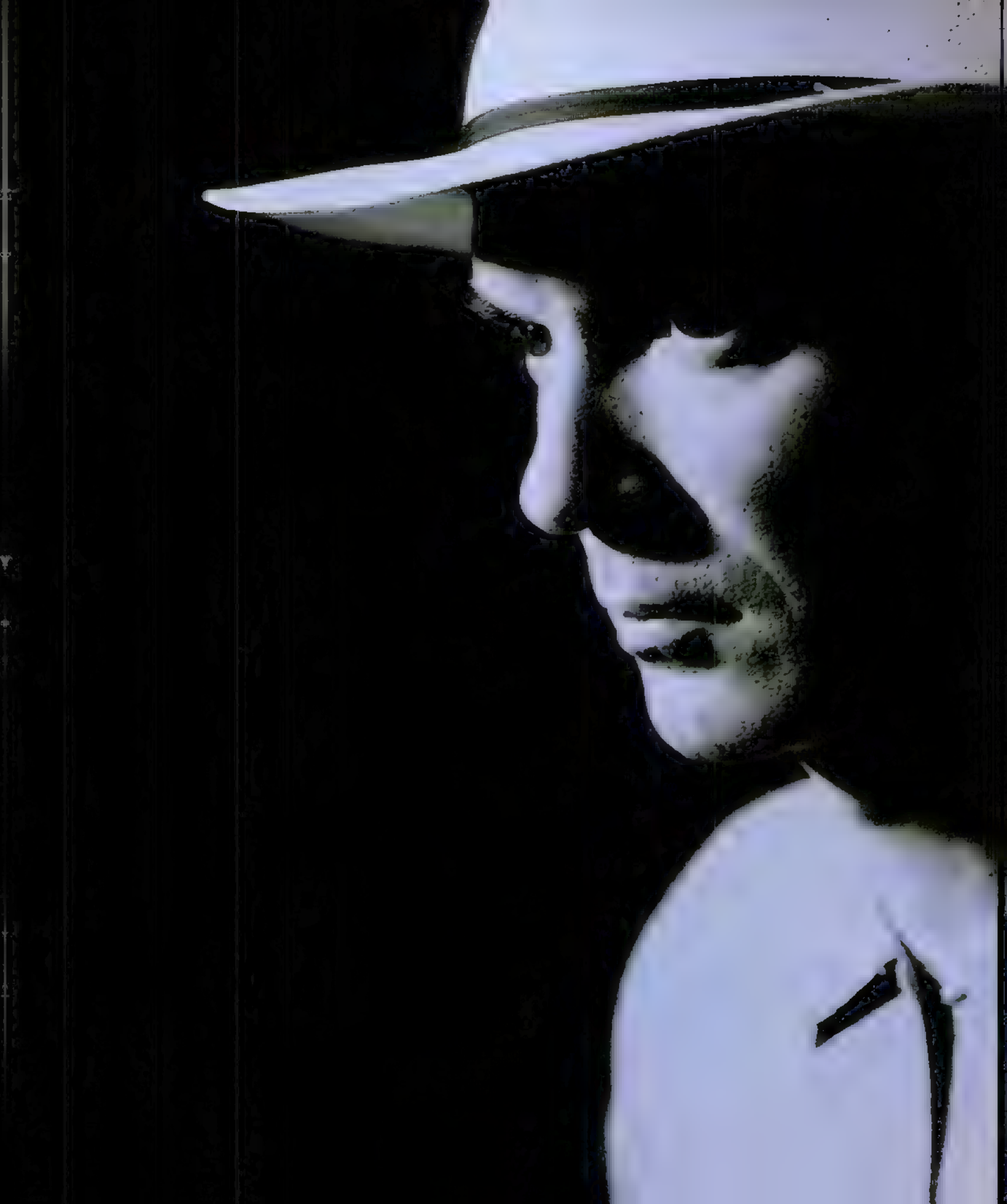
THE FIRST EXPENSIVE THING I BOUGHT WITH MY FIRST BIG PAYCHECK
A new place to live

EGGS OVER EASY
I used to work as a hash slinger in the Yankee Clipper diner in Rhode Island, but I didn't survive too many of the breakfast shifts. At 7:00, 50 people would yell out their orders as they walked in the door. They didn't even wait until they sat down.

THE WOMAN I'D MOST LIKE TO BE LIKE
Tallulah Bankhead

WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT MYSELF LAST YEAR
Last year I really tried to get all these different movie projects that never happened off the ground—getting the money together, getting the script together—and it made me think that I'm not going to beat my head against the wall doing that stuff; I've got to do something that I can actually produce, so I did *Rei Momo*.

Photograph by Nancy Ellison



In August President Bush declared war on Colombia's drug lords. Days later they declared war on that country's journalists, assassinating 10 over three months and destroying the offices of *El Espectador*, the nation's second-largest daily. That paper's premiere investigative columnist, Maria Jimena Duzán, reacts.

Choosing Which Declaration of Victory

Column by Maria Jimena Duzán

President Bush was very clear when he announced a repressive policy in his war against drug trafficking. Prevention would be given only minor emphasis—a mere 30 percent of all funds—while Bush is training his guns on what really interests him: winning this war by force. He is trying to suppress demand inside the US while imposing a military solution in the Andean countries.

We are to believe, according to Mr. Bush's strategy, that this war can be won by eliminating the drug bosses in Colombia and increasing the penalties for drug use in the US. He has allocated some resources—which in any case are insufficient—to be divided between building jails in the US and sending airplanes and light aircraft, bulletproof vests and ammunition to the Andean countries. These measures are supposed to get us ready for a battle that we Colombians will have to win at any cost – and as fast as possible. If we win, the victory will be not only Colombia's, but also a victory for the international community headed by the US. But if we lose, we know what will happen to us: We Colombians will be pariahs in the eyes of the world. And the industrialized countries—the largest consumers of drugs—will rap our knuckles and threaten us with ostracism

The question is obvious: Can Colombia win this war with the weapons and the strategy outlined by President Bush? Is drug trafficking a phenomenon that can be dealt with as if it were a guerrilla front? The heart of the matter lies in one simple fact: If Washington insists on militarizing the drug trafficking problem in the Andean countries, it is going to be very difficult for Colombia to win this war. Up to now, the monetary aid has not corresponded to the real cost of fighting the drug trafficking in these countries—especially in Colombia where we find ourselves at the apex of this illegal enterprise. If this is a strategy of direct confrontation, the investment can not be smaller than that which the US has invested in the Contras or in El Salvador. As a former head of the CIA, President Bush knows this very well. With so little money no war is going to be won, especially not this one. And no matter how much help we receive, the question remains: What will our declaration of victory consist of? That we caught Pablo Escobar in Colombia? Or Rodriguez Cacha? That we destroyed all the coke plantations in the Bolivian Chapare and in the High Huallaga of Peru? And what if the destroyed plantations reappear, as has already occurred in the case of the "successful" destruction of marijuana in Colombia and in the Bolivian Chapare? What victory can we declare? If we trap the big bosses, what are we going to do about their successors? Do we go back and trap them? How can we stop this vicious circle of bloodshed?

Even if a terrible blow is dealt the big bosses in Colombia, the drug trafficking issue will simply remain in a suspended stage here and in the US. As long as the focus is on repressive measures rather than preventive policies, the business will continue to be lucrative. We have been informed—it was reported to us as good news—that the amount of cocaine entering the US has been reduced thanks to the operations performed in Colombia. Bravo! But we have also been informed that the price of cocaine has increased substantially in Miami, thanks to the operations performed in Colombia. You choose which victory to declare. There is a gap between the goals of the American strategy and the effectiveness of the tools being used. And given the way this war is being planned, the apparent victory may also turn out to be a triumph for the enemy.

At 6 o'clock in the morning there's little activity in western Bogota's industrial zone. But last September 2 the neighborhood was rocked by a bomb that blasted *El Espectador*, Colombia's oldest newspaper. Thirty year old Maria Jimena Duzán has worked at the newspaper since she inherited her father's column, "The Zero Hour", at the age of 15. Maria knew she had a lot to prove, so she gave herself the most dangerous, ambitious assignments. She renamed the column "My Zero Hour" (a reference to a reporter's deadline), and has turned it into a powerful platform for investigative journalism. Today, she is one of the few remaining columnists in Colombia to criticize the drug cartels under her own byline.

"I've always been very tough," she says. "Not only in terms of Washington's policies towards Colombia on drug issues, but in being critical of the government, and critical of the society, and critical of the guerrillas as well. So in a way, everybody hates me."

Interview by Robert Keating

SPIN: What is the role of a journalist in Colombia?

Maria: It's just like the role of journalists all over Latin America—quite different from in the U.S. In Latin America to be neutral is impossible. The newspapers have been the founders of the political expressions of these countries. So to be a journalist in Latin America is to represent a role—to be a sort of judge. And it's quite difficult to handle because it's difficult to choose who is innocent and who is not. Because you live in a country where justice is not working, you become the judge... Well, my goodness, that's something. In Latin America—and especially in Colombia—you cannot be neutral. And in terms of the drug trafficking you have to make a choice. And I made the choice.

What was that choice?

Either you are with the narcos and you pretend that what they are offering is just... you know...the dream—the Colombian and the narco dream—and you pretend that they are the best guys in the world. Or you end up fighting against them, because you believe they are not for any type of democracy, because you think they don't care about free expression, civil rights, civil liberties. And because you wouldn't like to live in a country ruled by these guys.

Do you remember exactly when you made that choice?

The day I made the choice was in December, 1986. It was because of the assassination of my Editor-in-Chief Guillermo Cano. He was leaving the newspaper, as usual, at about seven o'clock, and while he was doing a U-turn, two killers on motorcycles with machine guns just stopped near the car and opened fire from both sides. He was killed immediately.

I decided I've . . . you know, I've just had it. I said, okay, I have to choose. I chose.

How did his death effect the newspaper? Did the people feel intimidated?

No, we felt inspired, because he was the first [journalist] hit. And when you are in a war and you see the first hit it works like an inspiration. It's like a sword for strength. But later, when you have lots of deaths and killings of people that were your friends, things change. It's less easy to find the hope.

When did this drug war actually begin?

I think the day that my country began to fall apart was in April 1984, when the narco-traffickers killed Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, the Minister of Justice. That was the first hit. That's when war was declared. And we are still fighting the war—we are at a stalemate. This is a war where you don't find winners or losers, because everybody's losing.

What had the minister done to enrage the narco-traffickers?

He was the one who tried to isolate the drug lords and to remove one of the big ones—Pablo Escobar—from the congress. At the time the newspapers were discovering the *real* Congressman Escobar. So the minister paid with his life.

Five years ago, it started to be tough ground for a journalist.

This is a war where you don't find winners or losers, because everybody's losing.

You were actually the first journalist attacked, but you survived. What brought that on?

Because I was so young, I decided to cover the most dangerous stories—go to the most dangerous places without any security and write the stories. I would go to the guerrillas, stay one month, and then I would be back in town. And then I would go again. Finally I knew I was playing with fire—a bomb exploded in my home.

The date was April, 1985. It was two o'clock in the morning. I was working at the newspaper, and some colleagues accompanied me to my house. While I was climbing the stairs, I heard this noise, and suddenly I realized my body was flying through the air. When the bomb exploded pieces of the wood went into my body like splinters. It was a very very horrible moment. I thought they were going to kidnap me as well. And I thought they were going to kill everybody at my home—at that time I was only 25 and living with my family.

What were you reporting on at the time?

I was just back after spending one month with the M-19, which was one of the five guerrillas groups we have in Colombia. [In 1981] the M-19 had kidnapped the most dear daughter of one of the drug lords [Jorge Luis Ochoa]. They were kidnapping many people from the narco-traffickers, and so the narcos decided to build up a group to kill the guerrillas. This was the group who made the attempt on my life. This one that was sponsored and backed by the narco-traffickers.

Because I was with the guerrillas, they thought I was a communist—but I am not actually. Also, I was doing research—trying to discover who were the ones financing this new group that was wanting to kill everybody. So I had lots of information. But when they bombed me, this was the first time they tried to hit a journalist.

What precautions do you take today. Do you have bodyguards?

Well after the bombing of my home I had them for one year, then I got rid of them. After the bombing again of the newspaper I had them for two or three weeks. I decided to get rid of them because I'm fed up. If you're a journalist you can not do stories or anything. I mean going around with bodyguards is good for an owner of a newspaper, or for a minister. But for a reporter, my goodness, it's nonsense.

What's the fiction and what's the reality of what's happening in Colombia?

The assumption that the war can be won just by capturing two or three guys. That's a fiction. It's so lucrative, the only thing we can do is to stop this terrorism that is threatening our democracy and our institutions. We have to try to control the violence and afterwards we could arrange something with the narcos. That's the only option we have. You know the narcos will exist as long as the business is lucrative.

So Colombia is in a no-win situation. If you fail in this fight, you're faulted. And even if you succeed, it won't do anything, so you're still faulted.

It won't do anything, I tell you. I think we have been successful. I mean we have been extraditing people. We have been seizing a lot of the narco-traffic assets. But the flow of cocaine has never been able to be stopped. As far as we know, the flow of cocaine has been increased, especially in the last two weeks. So my goodness, what's the point?

Continued on page 71


"I want my
MTV
MUSIC TELEVISION

moving images

Film, TV, Video and more.

Fred Savage. In "The Wonder Years," he's a kid stumbling through the 60s. In the movie "The Wizard," he's a master in a world where video games are heroes. Call it typecasting.

Wonder kid finds fun in jeans

Ryan Nellis

As Kevin Arnold, the 13-year-old star of ABC's "The Wonder Years," Fred Savage watches his parents fight, shoots hoops with his geeky friend Paul, watches his older brother and sister fight, falls in love, gets his heart crushed and makes a lot of faces. This season, there's even an episode where Kevin learns to play guitar and joins a rock band. "They hired this guy to teach me," says Fred. "He just taught me a little bit, though. The band's not supposed to be that good."

Since "The Wonder Years" is set in 1968 (with voice-over narration from Kevin as a grownup, looking back on his youth), Kevin Arnold doesn't get to play video games. Savage, however, a transplanted Midwesterner born in 1976 whose credits also include roles in "The Princess Bride" and "Vice Versa," is a highly skilled participant in the video revolution. This winter he'll star in "The Wizard."

"It's about these two brothers that go across country together. We go to the Video Games Championship," says Savage. The film shows video games not as being "very addictive," but in an extremely positive light: his younger brother, Jimmy (played by Luke Edwards), has withdrawn from their troubled family, but his talent for and ability to excel at video games helps bring the kid out of his shell. "The Wizard" (which also stars Beau Bridges and Christian Slater) is a warm-hearted tale in which technology is the hero. "It's a good movie," says Fred.

Fred Savage (left) with "Wizard" costar Luke Edwards

Like most of his peers, Savage is Nintendo-obsessed. Herewith, his guide to the state of the art.

The best Nintendo games:
"The Legend of Zelda." Eight guarded labyrinths, monsters and money. "You have to find the key to the secret passages. It's fun. It's really hard."

"Blades of Steel." A hockey game where you control both teams, one person at a time. "You get into a fight with a guy and you have to push a button really fast and fight him. Whoever loses gets sent to the penalty box. It's like *real* hockey."

The worst Nintendo games:
The original baseball, football and tennis, except for "TechnoBowl." "It's exactly like real football."

How to excel at Nintendo:
"Play it a lot."

Nintendo games Fred Savage will beat you at:
"Kung Fu" and "Meteroid." "With 'Meteroid,' you're, like, this guy, and you have to run all over this alien world and get all these powers and kill the head of the aliens. It's one of the shoot-em-up games."

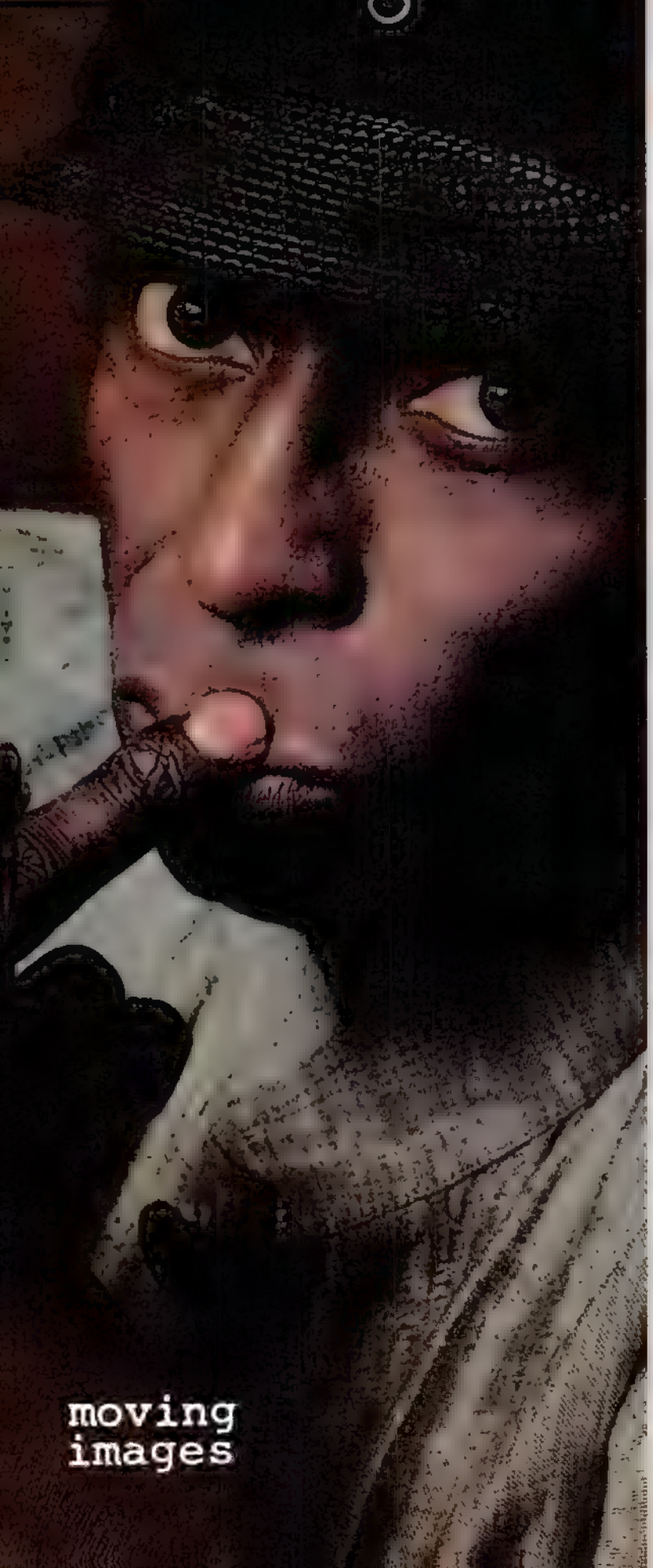
Number of Nintendo games in the Savage household:
About 25.

Chronicle of Nintendo's death foretold:
"There's this system that just came out called Turbo Graphics 16. And it's so cool. It's like four times faster than Nintendo, and it's got like 10 more colors, so it's got much better graphics. And it's got—you can hook up your CD player to the box and you put—they sell games as a CD. You play the CD and it'll show the game, so it'll have the *best sound*. It's so cool.

"But the problem is, for everybody that has Nintendo, if they want to get Turbo Graphics 16, it's like, what'll they do with their Nintendo? The Nintendo games wouldn't be compatible. You'd have to buy the entire system with all new games and stuff."

Fred Savage will never grow out of Nintendo:
"Oh, I'll never get tired of it. 'Cause you always have to get better at them. Until you win."

—*Karen Schoemer*



moving images

BIRD TAKES A BACKSEAT

An excerpt from Miles Davis's bestselling autobiography, *Miles*

Bird could be a lot of fun to be around, because he was a real genius about his music, and he could be funnier than a motherfucker, talking in that British accent that he used to use. But he still was hard to be around because he was always trying to con or beat you out of something to support his drug habit. He was always borrowing money from me and using it to buy heroin or whiskey or anything he wanted at the time. Like I said, Bird was a greedy motherfucker, like most geniuses are. He wanted everything. And when he was desperate for a fix of heroin, man, Bird would do anything to get it. He would con me and as soon as he left me, he would run around the corner to somebody else with the same sad story about how he needed some money to get his horn out of the pawnshop, and hit them up for some more. He never paid nobody back, so in that way Bird was a motherfucking drag to be around.

One time I left him in my apartment when I went to school and when I got back home the motherfucker had pawned my suitcase and was sitting on the floor nodding after shooting up. Another time, he pawned his suit to get some heroin and borrowed one of mine to wear down to the Three Deuces But I was smaller than he was so Bird was up there on the bandstand with suit sleeves ending about four inches above his wrist and suit pants ending about four inches above his ankles. That was the only suit I had at the time, so I had to stay in my apartment until he got his suit out of the pawnshop and brought mine back. But man, the motherfucker walked around for a day looking like that, just for some heroin. But they said Bird played that night like he had on a tuxedo. That's why everybody loved Bird and would put up with his bullshit. He was the greatest alto saxophone player who ever lived. Anyway, that's the way Bird was; he was a great and a genius musician, man, but he was also one of the slimiest and greediest motherfuckers who ever lived in this world, at least that I ever met. He was something.

I remember one time we was coming down to The Street to play from uptown and Bird had this white bitch in the back of the taxi with us. He done already shot up a lot of heroin and now the motherfucker's eating chicken—his favorite food—and drinking whiskey and telling the bitch to get down and suck his dick. Now, I wasn't used to that kind of shit back then—I was hardly even drinking, I think I had just started smoking—and I definitely wasn't into drugs yet because I was only 19 years old and hadn't seen no shit like that before. Anyway, Bird noticed that I was getting kind of uptight with the woman sucking all over his dick and everything. So he asked if something was wrong with me, and if his doing this was bothering me. When I told him that I felt uncomfortable with them doing what they was doing in front of me, with her licking and slapping her tongue like a dog all over his dick and him making all that moaning noise in between taking bites of chicken, I told him, "Yeah, it's bothering me." So you know what that motherfucker said? He told me that if it was bothering me, then I should turn my head and not pay attention. I couldn't believe that shit, that he actually said that to me. The cab was real small, and we all three were in the backseat, so where was I supposed to turn my head? What I did was to stick my head outside the taxi window, but I could still hear them motherfuckers getting down and in between Bird smacking his lips all over that fried chicken. Like I said, he was something, all right

From Miles *by Miles Davis with Quincy Troupe. ©1989 by Miles Davis. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc*

Brownie Harris/Corbis

APOCALYPSE

SURFING THE

Random and precise, *Shred* covers the culture like wheels on asphalt.

Whatever *Shred* is, John Hutchinson—graphic designer, culture vulture, ancient scribe—is responsible for it. A resident of Virginia Beach, Virginia, the anomalous surf-skate mecca of the East Coast, Hutchinson took over a crumbling surf rag and decided to put the bits and pieces back together with some very strange glue. His revamped *Shred* comes on like something between a UFO digest, a pulpy skate zine and the preteen yucks of *Cracked* magazine.

Among other things, *Shred*'s third issue brings you the magic world of skate graphics from Santa Cruz's Phillips Studios, where delinquent minds debate the visual power of barf and guts versus Satan and beer, and show you why they're right. In the recurring Hagiography section, Chris Horrigan explains why portraits of Saint Agatha show her holding a pair of tits on a platter, while the center spread makes the fuzzy line between ancient art and prehistoric porn all the fuzzier.

Reading most zines, whether they cover music, skating or insanity, is like squeezing into a claustrophobic room. Reading *Shred* is like skateboarding through the rubble of Western civilization and checking out the graffiti. The graphics are clever and crude: comics, skate ads, Iroquois masks, prehistoric cult objects, fashion spreads featuring vegetables and hard currency, and enough aerials, verts and decks to keep the asphalt rats in the fold. And *Shred* clings to the juvenile optimism that anchors youth culture like marbles in your pocket.

Shred, Box 68075, Virginia Beach, VA 23455.

—*Erik Davis*


Mdelin
NYC 1989

AIDS

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

An armed forces pathologist in Washington has discovered an agent that might be the true cause of AIDS. Top researchers are beating at his door for a sample, but he's keeping everyone at bay. *Montreal Gazette* columnist Nicholas Regush tracks down the elusive story of Dr. Lo.

Column by Nicholas Regush

Inside the fortress-like Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington—one of the world's most important medical institutions—an AIDS mystery is unfolding. One of its scientists, 40 year old pathologist Shyh-Ching Lo, has identified a new infectious agent in people with AIDS. The agent causes AIDS symptoms and death in monkeys, which is something Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), the virus said to cause AIDS, has never done.

Lo's agent could be a missing piece in the AIDS puzzle. But army security is keeping a very tight lid on Dr. Lo's finding. He has published four papers on the agent, but until he has completed his study, he refuses to produce a sample for other scientists to test.

Dr. Lo's discovery grew out of his routine search for AIDS-related microbes in pathological specimens. He discovered the agent in mice cells he had injected with tissue from the spleen of one man who had died of AIDS and with Karposi's sarcoma tissue from another AIDS fatality. He then developed a test from isolates of the new agent to detect signs of it in blood indirectly. Of 24 people with AIDS he tested, 23 tested positive for the agent.

Word of Lo's discovery spread rapidly after he published a paper in *The American Journal of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene* in August, 1986. In this, he and his associates described what appeared to be a large virus, unlike any classified group of viruses, in some people with AIDS. Some of the federal government's most powerful researchers went after Lo, trying to get their hands on the new microbe. Rumors were swirling. Lo's agent is a cofactor in AIDS; the actual cause of AIDS; a new form of herpes virus; a variant of African swine fever virus, which can cause AIDS-like symptoms in pigs, including immune suppression, swollen lymph nodes, skin lesions, and pneumonias. Lo's findings were received with widespread skepticism.

Lo told the press that the agent might be opportunistic—a common infection that could no longer be controlled in an immune-suppressed body. He speculated it could play a more important role in AIDS, but he didn't want to make any claims until his research was on firmer ground.

Then Lo vanished from public view. He refused requests for his molecular probes from the few AIDS researchers who wished to study the agent. He refused invitations to discuss his research. He refused to be interviewed.

Two years passed before Lo tested the waters again, this time in Stockholm in June, 1988, at the Fourth International Aids Conference. His "virus" now had a name: Virus-like infectious agent or VLIA. When four Asian monkeys were infected with it, VLIA caused AIDS-like symptoms, including severe weight loss, transient lymph-node swelling, and signs of central nervous system disease. Death occurred within seven to nine months. But the monkeys showed no signs of opportunistic infections or malignant tumor formation as they would have with AIDS. They also developed a poor or late antibody response to VLIA.

Standing in front of a wall on which his research was posted, Lo told SPIN editor Celia Farber that he would speak only about his research findings and wouldn't be drawn into any discussion about the possible implications. "I don't want to get involved in all the political conflicts," he said. "I've been burned a few times and I want to make sure the science isn't sacrificed." He apparently did not wish to appear aligned with a small vocal minority of scientists who challenge the HIV hypothesis. This minority includes molecular biologist Peter Duesberg of the University of California, Berkeley, who argues HIV is relatively harmless and is part of the microbial baggage carried by people with AIDS and others at risk for AIDS. Also New York doctor and AIDS researcher Joseph Sonna-

Illustration by Douglas Andelin

bend, who has claimed since 1981 that AIDS probably occurs in people whose immunity is battered by a complex pattern of repeated environmental assaults, including a host of microbes.

But there was little chance of Lo being misunderstood—there was no crowd around him. This despite the fact that VLIA, unlike HIV, can cause a fatal infection in experimental animals. (HIV has never been shown to cause any specific illnesses in animals except for temporary lymph-node swelling.) When pressed, most backers of the HIV theory admit the virus may need a cofactor to cause AIDS. But in Stockholm VLIA was ignored by reporters and dismissed by scientists. When asked his opinion of Lo's work, HIV pioneer Robert Gallo squirmed and twisted in his office seat at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda.

"Who in the hell is this guy anyway? Why are people even talking about this so-called agent? What has he proved? Absolutely nothing. It's probably a bunch of crap."

Then, Lo updated his findings on VLIA in the February and April 1989 editions of the *American Journal of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene*. The papers were more detailed versions of his presentations in Stockholm.

In February, Lo described evidence of VLIA in seven of ten AIDS patients tested. Signs of the agent are, for example, found in the spleen, liver, brain and lymph nodes. VLIA is not found in people without AIDS.

He concluded, "Our findings suggest that VLIA may represent a new opportunistic infection in these severely immunocompromised patients, or an agent that plays a more fundamental role as a cofactor in the process associated with infection by HIV."

In April, he laid out the effects inoculations of VLIA had on the four monkeys, emphasizing in the paper that there is no animal model for HIV, as there is for VLIA.

These papers fixed the attention of science writers. They turned to the HIV fraternity for comments. That's when all hell broke loose. The news media started asking questions about the significance of Lo's finding. *The New York Times* said: "If he is right, the finding could be of major importance in the battle against the fatal disease." But, Lo was also assaulted with a barrage of criticisms. The contaminant theory—which explained away Lo's findings as a laboratory error—was the most popular. The quality of the electron microscope photographs of VLIA were also judged to be of poor quality. And the agent didn't even look like a virus.

Many scientists were frustrated and angered by Lo's refusal to provide them with samples of his agent. As Malcolm Martin of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases told *Science Magazine*: "I don't know what he is working with, but he must distribute this material so that people can work with it . . . This whole business is crazy."

Gallo sent a letter requesting the agents from Lo's lab, but Lo stood firm on his decision to wait. "I want those reagents," Gallo told *Science*.

Lo was chastised for his steadfast refusal to share his molecular probes more generally, especially with federal scientists. He has released them to a small handful of researchers who have entered collaborative agreements with the institute. And the institute will not even identify who they were.

Gallo was one among many who is furious about the slap in the face. On the phone, he said: "What they are doing borders on the criminal."

Had his opinion of VLIA changed?

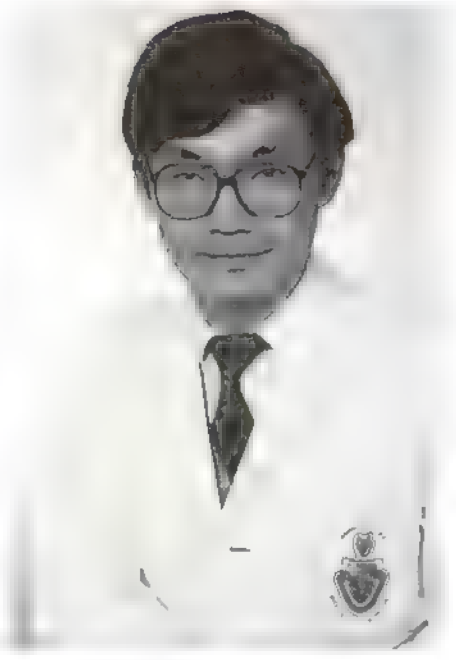
"Maybe it's a contaminant. Or it could be a miscellaneous pathogen that can cause disease in some people but is not involved in causing immune suppression. This is why it is important to move on it."

Norbert Rapoza chuckled when he learned of Gallo's sudden interest in VLIA. Rapoza, a virologist and senior scientist at the American Medical Association, had been keeping close tabs on Lo's work.

"Gallo with his army of researchers would devour Lo," Rapoza said of the suggestion that VLIA research should at this point be widely shared.

He added: "What Lo has will knock the socks off people like Gallo in the months ahead."

"If he is right, the finding could be of major importance in the battle against the fatal disease."



Dr. Shyh-Ching Lo, discoverer of VLIA

According to Col. Vernon Ambrustmacher, the institute's deputy director, "We're going slow because it is dangerous to go too fast in science."

Lo definitely needed the time. He was experiencing great difficulty in growing VLIA. And he still couldn't determine what VLIA was.

About 10,000 scientists from around the world arrived in Montreal last June to attend the Fifth International Conference on AIDS. Lo's VLIA made more appearances, its identity still masked. It got lost in a tidal wave of minutiae on HIV. But by this time, Lo seriously believed that VLIA may be a form of bacteria—a mycoplasma.

A new VLIA paper was published in September in the *American Journal of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene*. It's a stunner. Lo reports that VLIA is linked to six deaths associated with an infectious disease without a definable cause. The pathological specimens from these cases show no sign of HIV.

The six people died within seven weeks after flu-like symptoms were reported to their doctors. The deaths were then reported to the institute by pathologists in New Jersey, Virginia, Florida, West Germany, Turkey and Guam. Shared symptoms included persistent fever, malaise, vomiting, diarrhea, and aching joints and muscles.

The course of the disease varied. For example, one 29 year old man, referred to as previously healthy in his medical charts, developed symptoms in the following sequence: Knee pain, sensitivity to light, blurred vision, eye infection, fever without chills, pain in the ankles, elbows, and hips, a dry cough, breathing difficulties on exertion, chest pain, lesions in his lungs, a spleen abnormality. He died of a heart attack. A "previously healthy" 33 year old woman suffered from fever, chills, enlarged lymph nodes, diarrhea, vomiting, a skin rash, nausea, malaise, seizures, a chest disorder, and kidney failure.

When Lo examined the pathological specimens, he found signs of VLIA and virus particles resembling VLIA in areas of excessive tissue damage. There were no signs of other viruses, bacteria, fungi, or parasites in the diseased tissue.

He expected to find signs of strong immune-system reaction to VLIA's invasion of the tissue, but did not. He reached the conclusion that either the body's defense system was damaged or the VLIA eluded it.

The institute makes no bones about the questions the research raises. A press release refers to scores of unanswered questions. Such as: "How is VLIA transmitted? Are there asymtomatic VLIA infected patients? Is VLIA linked to any known human disease? Can it somehow explain puzzled inconsistencies in HIV infection? Are there any treatments available for VLIA infection?"

And, again, what on earth is VLIA?

VLIA is a mycoplasma. It is not a virus. This became clear when Joe Tully, a mycoplasma expert at the National Institutes of Health, assisted Lo in devising a better way to grow the agent.

According to one scientist close to Lo, "It is not a laboratory contaminant. It is an exceptionally powerful and new species of mycoplasma . . . This finding is something to worry about. The thinking is that it can probably be sexually transmitted."

"At this point it looks like a true human pathogen," says Rapoza, who reviewed Lo's data in early October.

Other scientists outside the institute but close to Lo say they too are convinced that he has identified something highly important. One of the scientists, who runs an HIV lab, says: "Minimally, this is an opportunistic infection, and it may be more important. Knowing what the agent does, it may even explain AIDS."

If Lo is on track, the discovery may lead to new forms of AIDS treatments, including the use of some antibiotics that may be effective against the mycoplasma. "If mycoplasma is playing a part in AIDS," says Tully, "there may be a better chance of reversing it . . . A mycoplasma is a treatable organism, but it may be difficult to band out in people whose immune systems are suppressed."

Lo's work also opens the door to new studies on the role of this form of bacteria in other diseases. Other mycoplasmas have, for example, been linked to fever, pneumonia, and urinary tract infections. There are more than 50 species of mycoplasma.

Rapoza cautions, however, that Lo must still demonstrate that this is a significant pathogen by widely testing for signs of the agent in human blood. "He has a lot of work ahead of him," he says.

And he adds: "Out of the AIDS mystery comes another mystery."

Antihero from page 63

We have to cope with the other forms of the problem, like arms control and stopping the flow of chemicals. Like money laundering. The narco-traffickers are an international phenomenon. Only ten percent of the money that is laundered from the narco-trafficking business is laundered in Colombia. The great percentage is done in the United States and in Europe.

How do you get along with the military?

When you are critical of the military forces, you have lots of problems. You see, there is sort of a relationship between middle ranking officers, not high ranking officers, and the mafia. So in a way they are terribly linked. Especially with the sort of private armies that the narcos, with the help of the local authorities, have been able to create.

You wrote recently about President Barco's decision to replace civil mayors with military mayors.

Yeah, first because they are linked with narco-traffic and second because democratically speaking, it's not the best way. We always work under the assumption that if we civilians can't handle the situation, the military are the right people. But then, what happens to our civil rights?

There is a big superpower, a state within the state—that is trying to withdraw civil rights and fundamental liberties of our society. That's what's happening. And I think what's worst in terms of civil rights is that right now in Colombia the value of a life, it's you know, nothing at all. You could get killed for just a couple of bucks.

So you must be very cautious in your daily routine?

Yeah, I have to check the car because, you see, now they have a new sort of bomb which you can stick in a car and explode by remote control. And I hate motorcycles. When I'm expecting the light in the street to turn green, if I see a motorcycle beside me I get really crazy because it's probably the best way to kill you and the easiest. And it happened to many of my friends. That's the worst thing. When you pronounce the word "war," you can't understand what it means to be in war, especially when this is a war that is not like other wars. War means the memories of your friends, who are already dead.

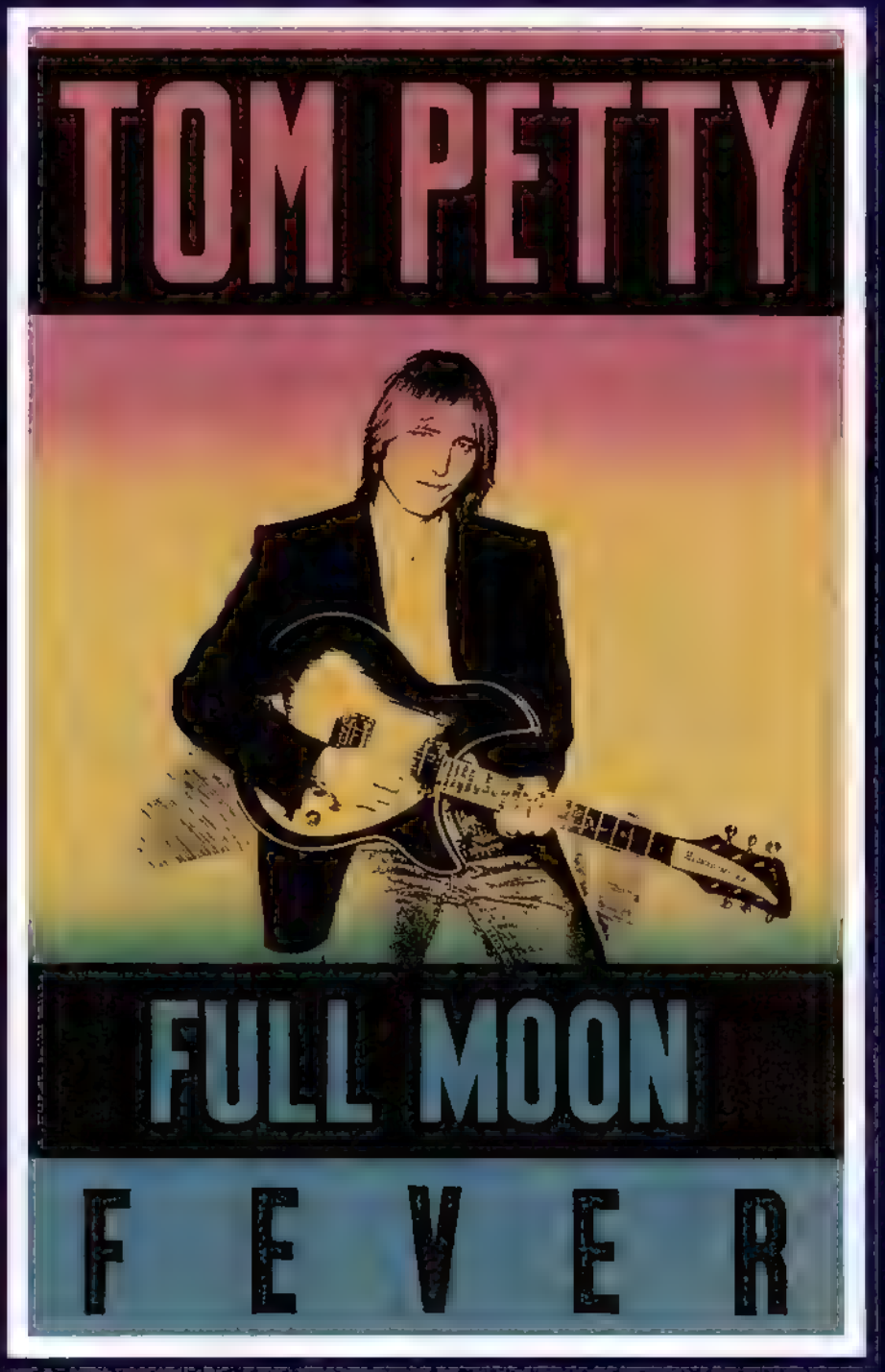
So what is the future for you in Colombia?

I have to work out first whether you can live in Columbia without getting killed. Second, if you can be a journalist—a good journalist—under the sort of self-censorship that you have to feel and to bear. It is quite difficult. I mean, this is the real world that you are fighting. You're sort of struggling with your own fears, with your own feelings, and you have to be aware of that. That is not a good struggle for a journalist.

Is this something that's being felt by journalists throughout Columbia? Is everyone living with that fear?

No. Only those who are really very clear in terms of the narco-trafficking, but I mean that happens if you stand up against them. Because you would have lots of fears. And you would be lying if you said, "I'm not afraid. I don't have the fears." That's not true. They are full of fears.

ONE OF A KIND



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SPINS

Renee Valarie Cox

Jungle Brothers
Done by the Forces of Nature
Warner Bros.

Edited by
Karen Schoemer

Out of the jungle, endlessly rocking. The Jungle Brothers (l-r): Afrika, Mike G, Roadmanager "Baby" Chris and Sammy B.

All real brothers think fondly of the jungle. Where you go to build your love hut. Where you go to get a nut. Where you go when you can't get enough of that funky stuff. Every 10 years since Marcus Garvey and the United Negro Improvement Association sold shares in a reverse-Middle Passage cruise adventure, African-Americans have been reminding themselves that they came from Africa and wouldn't mind a trip back, figuratively at least. Duke Ellington wrote "jungle music," but his motivations were suspect or compromised by that Cotton Club venue. Later in the black hippie era, Kool & the Gang held that one could be wild and peaceful, go Hollywood and do the jungle boogie. Race-conscious urban bush music was heralded by hosts of funkateers back in the 70s, like Gary Bartz Ntu Troop, Gil Scott-Heron and the Midnight Band, Mandrill, Exuma, War, Charles Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band. Groups that made you feel that doing the righteous thing and the wild thing was one and the same thing.

Hip hop being about the regeneration of every type of vibration, positive and negative, that black folk have ever been into, the Jungle Brothers concept was inevitable.

The most profound thing about New York's Jungle Brothers and their second album, *Done by the Forces of Nature*, is their understanding that race, dance and sexual politics got to mix or the revolution will not be communal zed. Towards this end they have produced a nonstop groove-a-think where sexist spectacle commingles with love paeans to the sistuhs, where safaris into Afrocentricity are made to house you.

Three sunny bursts of optimism, "Beyond This World," "Feeling Alright" and "Sunshine," serve as our initiation into the jungle experience, each segueing into the other with an ebullience as motorvatin' as a night on the town talking mucho shit with all your good girlfriends. More than the lyrics and the singsong, scat-along-with-Africa delivery, it's the bumpity bottom the brothers have laid under the tracks, the first hip house combination that puts a nastier spin on both groove formats. We talking about a sound as percussive as hip hop but as aerodynamic as house. The Brothers Jungle slide through this transmutation vamp like hydrofoils bumping heads with crocodiles.

On "Acknowledge Your Own History," the brothers bust some African history lessons, or really some lessons questioning why any African should spend time studying a history that's anti-black. Then, however, they turn the Motherland into sexual fantasy land in the LP's cold suavest track, "Belly Dancin' Dana"—like De La Soul's "Jenifa," a song about 5,000 brothers being inspired to erection ("How hard? Harder

by the yard") by the sensuous pelvic motions of the mama under consideration. On a more progressive tip, far as black male recognition of the power of women, the JB own up like mama's boys who know they been bad and wanna make up in a major way on the long overdue "Black Woman." You could argue that it pinnacles sistuhs on an impossible pedestal, but given the general misogyny that passes for love taps in most raps, these love-hut Lotharios damn near rank as the Alan Aldas of the idiom. As for the music qua scratchnoise, it's so dense, intense and full of nonsense that it almost makes Public Enemy's mixes seem like some simple simon shit.

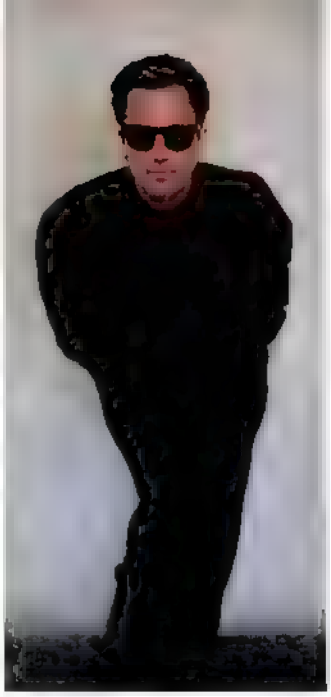
The dope conceptual beauty of the Jungle Brothers is the upful spin they put on black consciousness music, showing that being pro-black can be as much about hot fun in the summertime as gearing up for the next time. Heard in its loooong-playing entirety, this is music to open hydrants and shoot hoops by, music to slurp Icees and bust sloppy slobs by, music to soothe the hearts of savage breasts and give heart to the savage souls of the young, black and homeless who know what it is when brotherly love is all you've got to call your own in the jungle

—Greg Tate

Billy Joel
Storm Front
Columbia

Billy Joel Appreciation 101. Final Exam.

Essay question (50 points). Listen carefully to the cut "State of Grace" from Joel's new album. Ignore the as-always meticulous production Ignore the usual manic proliferation of instrumental hooks What makes this song so wonderful?



Billy Joel

It isn't just the aggressively wistful melody, perfectly tailored to the song's desperate frustration at the prospect of losing a lover. That's the 25-point answer. To get at the heart of the song, and of Joel's appeal, you have to listen to the voice riding that melody, thin, ill at ease, frantically reaching for drama From the first bloated notes of "The Piano Man" on, Joel has always strived mightily for a depth of significance and feeling he never quite attains. But that's his secret: a kind of thrill and a kind of pathos lie in the gap between reach and grasp, and they are the essence of great pop.

Of course, sometimes his failures are just failures. Chart-climbers like "We Didn't Start the Fire" (fourth generation new wave) and "Shameless" (beer-ad blues band strut) prove once again Joel's uncanny ability to wring an unmistakable style from the most generic Top 40 moves. But the pseudo-political pretensions of the former and the latter's emotional bombast mysteriously just sit there, merely embarrassing, merely amusing.

Multiple choice (20 points). At the height of his commercial success (the long season of The Stranger, 52nd Street, Glass Houses*), Billy Joel was a favorite target of rock journalists' contempt. Why do critics find it increasingly difficult to hate the guy?*

a) Their toddlers adored his charming turn as the voice of a hip cartoon kitty in last year's Disney smash, "Oliver and Company."

b) Debbie Gibson dedicated her entire first album to him practically. And they'd never even met.

c) It's been over a decade since he publicly told any rock critic to fuck off

d) All of the above

The answer is d) of course, but one glaringly obvious answer is missing: Billy Joel just isn't the dick he used to be. Once upon a time his work rested on what a generous critic called "the most thoroughly objectionable persona since Bob Hope." It was smarmy, self-romanticizing, and relentlessly condescending to women and just about anyone else unlucky enough to catch Joel's attention

But ever since Joel fell head over heels for Christie Brinkley all over 1983's *An Innocent Man*, that smug son-of-a-bitch has been slowly withering away. On *Storm Front*, he appears to be gone for good In his place, a reconstructed Billy actually allows he's less than perfect ("I Go to Extremes"). In "Shameless," he seems almost to revel in his newfound vulnerability: "I don't have the power now, but I don't want it anyhow." And any suspicions that this is merely Joel's latest brand of self-indulgence are laid to rest by the convincingly painful anxiety of "State of Grace "

ID questions (15 points). Identify and elaborate on each of the following.

"Leningrad " Second cut, side two, and a shining example of Joel's gift for docudrama. This glasnost weeper is an instant current-events classic and the feel-good rival to 1982's rustbelt gloomfest "Allentown." Would make a terrific duet with Tom Waits

"When I stumble I fall." Lyrics from "I Go to Extremes" on side one, and a fair assessment of Joel's consistency as an artist. His is a scattershot genius, better suited to the greatest-hits compilation than to first-run albums like *Storm Front*, on which the nonentities outnumber the gems by a typical three to one. It's a miracle he blunders into brilliance as often as he does.

—Julian Dibbell

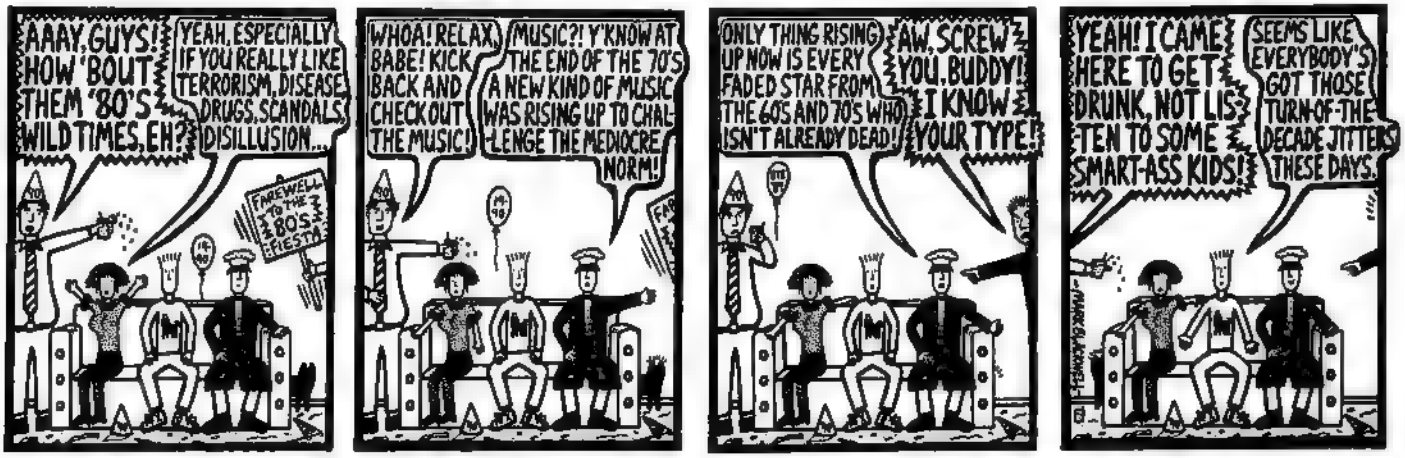
Eric Clapton
Journeyman
Warner Bros.

Several years ago, Eric Clapton reinvented himself as a rugged, seasoned bluesmeister, credible enough for beer ads and slick enough for crossover radio. Unfortunately, along the way he abandoned the inventiveness that starred his John Mayall/Cream days and concentrated on a cosmopolitan sophistication; his post-Michelob hits have

Mark Hanauer

been short on excitement and long on production *Journeyman* is a bit riskier than recent endeavors, thanks to the presence of Robert Cray on four songs On "Anything for Your Love," the al-

Little Sutty's Quest For Music *by Mark Blackwell*



bum's outstanding ballad, the animated undertone of Cray-Clapton guitar noodling steals the spotlight

Besides Cray, musical appearances by Phil Collins, Gary Burton, Richard Tee and Jim Keltner prod Clapton to some resonant solos. The choice of material, though, is erratic—the Ray Charles simulation on "Hard Times" is unnecessary considering Ray's recent transmogrification into a California Raisin, while Clapton and Cray's remake of "Hound Dog" is substandard and lackluster But even at its worst (like the wimpy AORish "Bad Love" cowritten by Foreigner's Mick Jones), Clapton's studied inflection and shaded playing give the recording some redeeming value. Of the two mass-market hits, "Pretending" and "Breaking Point," the latter has the most engaging Clapton guitar on the album—a series of chicken-plucking blues licks fed through tremolo and wah-wah. *Journeyman* is not a lethal album and it doesn't break ground in bluesology But it's got some feverish guitar and motivated performances, and for those who keep the faith, it proves that Clapton's still got a few tricks under his long blue coat.

—*Rich Stim*

Caetano Veloso
Estrangeiro
Elektra Musician

Caetano Veloso, arguably Brazil's finest songwriter/poet, has never actively courted the American market. True, he has occasionally sung in English, recording material by Cole Porter and Michael Jackson, as well as Brazil's first reggae song, but that's just part of his style. In the late 60s, he wrote "Tropicalia," the anthem of a short-lived cultural movement of the same name that absorbed everything from African cult rituals to the Beatles, Andy Warhol and French symbolist poetry into a seductively decadent, uniquely Brazilian synthesis. He was imprisoned and exiled by the military dictatorship, then returned to a pop hero's welcome in the early 70s after the dictatorship fell. His first, self-titled US album in 1986 (after more than 20 Brazilian releases) was an exquisite, critically acclaimed fluke. Elektra/Nonesuch producer Robert Hurwitz was so taken with the solo segment of Caetano's New York premiere that he asked him to record accompanied only by his acoustic guitar

PolyGram has since released a Veloso greatest hits compilation on its CD-only Personalidade series, but now comes *Estrangeiro*, produced this time by Ambitious Lovers Arto Lindsay and Peter Scherer. The odd coupling of Brazilian-raised guitarist Lindsay, an untutored founder of the New York downtown noise-rock school, and Swiss-born keyboardist Scherer, a conservatory-trained studio veteran, made for an awkward, offbeat stab at commercial funk on last year's Lovers album, *Greed*. Here, in a supporting role, they're nearly perfect, as Lindsay—with help from guitarists Bill Frisell and Marc Ribot—spikes Caetano's bittersweet musings with subtle skronks and squeals while Scherer and percussion wiz Naná Vasconcelos paint exotic soundtracks behind him. Cutting sugary melodies with ginger-tart melancholy, Veloso gently floats his whispery tenor over the bubbly backdrop like some latter-day boy from Ipanema.

The title track is a masterpiece of surreal lyricism, a postmodern dreamscape where music and poetry are one, swirling down a stream of consciousness that runs from the light of Guanabara Bay to the blight of racism. Along the way Caetano stops to ponder that "Love is blind/Ray Charles is blind/Stevie Wonder is blind/And Hermeto the albino really doesn't see very well," the last reference to Brazilian multi-instrumental fusionist Hermeto Pascoal. Of course, you have to read Lindsay's translations on the liner notes to appreciate the beauty of the original Portuguese, except on "Jasper," with English lyrics by Lindsay and Scherer, and "Os Outros Românticos," where Lindsay recites the translation in a chilling deadpan. But Veloso's music, a blend of Brazilian bossa nova, samba and *baiao*, Portuguese *fado*, French cabaret, reggae, rock and Tin Pan Alley, speaks more than eloquently for itself.

—*Larry Birnbaum*

Greg Watermann

Caetano Veloso

The Diabolical Biz Markie
The Biz Never Sleeps
Cold Chillin'/Warner Bros.

Biz Markie's raps are about as diabolical as "The Monster Mash." He's more of a toaster in the style of Big Youth, an entertainer in the mold of Screamin' Jay Hawkins or a one-man band at a deep South medicine show; he eschews violence, excessive macho boasting and too much fast life and hard times. Draping an assortment of comical voices, grunts, squawks and squeaks

A guide to upcoming releases

George Michael continues to work on his *Faith* follow-up in London. Look for the album no sooner than late 1990 . . . **Rhino Records** has compiled a 10-volume set of **the greatest hits of the 70s** called *Have a Nice Day*. The first five volumes, which will include classics such as Steam's "Na Na Hey Hey (Kiss Him Goodbye)," Lynn Anderson's "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden," Lobo's "Me and You and a Dog Named Boo," and Ocean's "Put Your Hand in the Hand," will be released in mid-January; the second half of the set will follow in February . . . at press time, Columbia Records had **Public Enemy**'s new album, *Fear of a Black Planet*, scheduled for a February release. Pre-release, the group plans to put out several singles, starting with "Welcome to the Terror Dome" . . . E Street Band member **Patti Scialfa** is in the studio working on a solo album with producer and Tom Petty's Heartbreaker **Mike Campbell** . . . former Shalimar lead singer **Howard Hewitt**'s next album, due in the spring, will include a duet with **Anita Baker** . . . **They Might Be Giants** just finished their Elektra debut, *Flood*, recorded in New York. Songs include "Your Racist Friend," "Lucky Ball and Chain" and "Constantinople" . . . **Shinehead** is in a Long Island studio for a tentative March release . . . the **Dream Syndicate** have disbanded, but songwriter/guitarist **Steve Wynn** is in LA recording a solo album for Rhino . . . RCA has finalized a licensing deal with Frontier Records. The first two releases will be the new album by Davis, California's **Thin White Rope**, *Sack Full of Silver*, for January, and a new album by **American Music Club**, who are currently recording for a spring release . . . the **Lilac Time**'s second album, *Paradise Circus*, has only been out for a month or so, but the band recently recorded two tracks for their next LP with XTC's **Andy Partridge** producing . . . **Anthrax** is in the studio . . . at press time, **Guns N' Roses** were not in the studio.

IN STORES THIS MONTH: Billy Idol, *Charmed Life* . . . **Phil Collins**, *"But Seriously"* . . . **Rush**, *Presto* . . . **Nikki Sudden**, *Groove* . . . **Straitjacket Fits**, *Hail* . . . the **Membranes**, *To Stay the Rock Pig* . . . the **Verlaines**, *All the Wrong Moves* . . . **Peter Murphy**, *Deep* . . . and albums by **Dave Edmunds, Joan Jett & the Blackhearts, Funkadelic, Glen Campbell** and **Eddie Rabbit**.

over spare, funky drum beats and tootling droning keyboards (a signature of the Cold Chillin' sound created by producer Marley Marl), Biz evokes the spacey dub of Jamaica as much as the grind and hard edge of New York City. He's a human beat box who has said he likes reggae and admits to playing the spoons as well as a mean hambone.

A Harlem native who hooked up with Marl in New York's Queensbridge projects, Biz scored last year with the nonsense single "Pickin' Boogers" and the relatively more serious "Vapors." *The Biz Never Sleeps*, his first self-produced album, starts with whiney organ and swirling sound effects on "Dedication," where Biz saves you the trouble of reading the album jacket by simply thanking absolutely everybody for his success. "Dedication" ends as if Biz just ran out of names in this pointless goof, but he launches into a halting, martial cadence on "Check It Out," a go-to-school-don't-do-dope rap. Songs like "Check," the puppy love croons of "Spring Again," "She's Not Just Another Woman (Monique)" and "Just a Friend," and "My Man Rich," a lament for a dead friend, show Biz to be a proponent of traditional virtues like respect, loyalty and ambition. After all, on "Friend" Biz goes to his girlfriend's college for a surprise visit only to find her and some guy "tongue kissing."

Biz's work is hardly provocative or unsettlingly graphic, unless the sophomoric is a barometer of depth. Clowning aside, he cleverly distorts his voice and slows down and flattens the pitch of samples of groups like the Crusaders ("Way Back Home" on "Rich") and Curtis Mayfield and the Impressions ("Movin' On Up" on "I Hear Music"). While nothing on this album hits as hard as "Vapors" or as stupid as "Pickin' Boogers," Biz and Cutmaster Cool V still manage to hang with a groove that has a seductive undertow.

—Don Palmer

Britny Fox
Boys in Heat
Columbia

Debbie Gibson thanks these hair-piled Pennsylvania glamboys on

the inner sleeve of *Electric Youth*, and chubby girls jack bodies to them on "Dance Party USA", so you know Britny Fox must be doing something right. Streaking through the halls of academe with riffs ablaze Angus-style in last year's "Girlschool" video, Britny's Village-People-circa-*Renaissance* togs were tarty enough to make Poison look male, a one-upmanship to carry with pride. They tell interviewers that if Heart can dress this way, so can they, as if somehow it's never occurred to them that Heart are *women*.

Britny's self-titled '88 debut constituted history's most accurate early-Kiss duplication ever, and on the follow-up, the ballads flex more flesh. Would've liked to hear Dizzy Dean Davidson sing the old hillbilly song "Wabash Cannonball" in honor of the barnstorming 1940s Cardinal hurler who's his namesake, but "Hair of the Dog" was Nazareth's best pre-rap rap so it makes an inspired and timely cover regardless. I also like "Dream On" 's post-G N'R jangle, "Long Way From Home" 's "Sweet Jane" lick and "In Motion" 's motion. Can't find any couplets as remarkable as "Take a look at what you have, and the things you own/And thank God that you've grown" (from *Britny Fox*'s "Save the Weak") or "They rate our music down/They take our words and change them around" (from "Rock Revolution"), but if all you need are hotshit guitars and lotsa heart, Britny's only viable competition in 1989 was Junkyard.

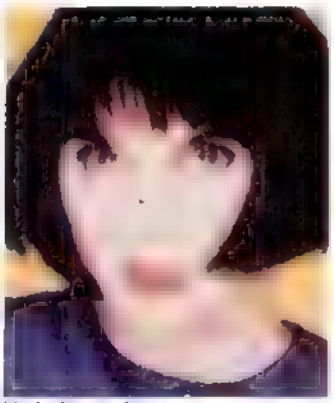
Still, though I cherish these ultra-formalists' lack of pretensions, sometimes I wish a few of those reliable riff-hooks had *ideas* to go with them. If Guns N' Roses are Schoolly D (yow!) and Bon Jovi are Bobby Brown (neato) and King's X are Soul II Soul (ho hum) and Danzig are Big Daddy Kane (barf), Britny must be Ten City. Now if only metal could come up with a L'Trimm.

—*Chuck Eddy*

Linda Ronstadt (Featuring Aaron Neville)

Cry Like a Rainstorm, Howl Like the Wind
Elektra

Everything about *Cry Like a Rainstorm, Howl Like the Wind* seemed unpromising, if not laughable. There was that album title, to begin with—it's the name of a Jimmy Webb song, but it could also serve as a skeptic's description of Ronstadt's ballad style. Then there's that "Featuring Aaron Neville" credit on the cover—it's as if, having been so often accused of turning in stiff-white-person versions of soul standards, Ronstadt decided to cover her symbolic tail by enlisting a great, unassailable soul singer to duet with her on four out of 12 cuts here. Then came the news that Ronstadt recorded this batch of pop-rock numbers with a full orchestra on the soundstage of filmmaker/boyfriend George Lucas's Skywalker Ranch. But Ronstadt pulls off this exceptionally odd mixture of material and musicians; this is her liveliest, most enjoyable album since 1977's *Simple Dreams*.


Linda Ronstadt

Courtesy Elektra Records

Ronstadt gravitates toward certain writers: there are four Jimmy Webb tunes, all affably overwrought; three moody Karla Bonoff songs, one of which, "All My Life," gives Aaron Neville his best showcase, a pair of Paul Carrack-Nick Lowe songs (they fulfill the same good-taste-rock quotient that Elvis Costello used to provide), and then odds and ends like the first single, "Don't Know Much," a pretty Barry Mann-Cynthia Weil weeper. To be sure, there are awful moments: the sweet strings from the orchestra on Carrack-Lowe's "I Need You" slow the song down grievously, and the multitracked backup vocals Brian Wilson supplies for "Adios" are drenchingly drippy.

But most of the time, Ronstadt sings out with a becoming directness and clarity. Which is surprising, because—forget brooding Bruce Springsteen or hollow-eyed Don Henley—Ronstadt has become the most self-conscious performer in popular music. It used to be that Ronstadt's records were dull and her interviews—dithering chats about boyfriends, intense concern about her always-impending chubbiness—were vastly amusing. But ever since *Trio*, her country collaboration with Dolly Parton and Emmylou Harris, the situation has been reversed: her records have been fun, but she's become absolutely deadly as a talker, gassing on and on about her pumped-up voice training and the history of American popular song cribbed right out of Henry Pleasants. In this context, *Cry Like a Rainstorm* is more than just a return to the Peter Asher-produced pop that made her famous. It's a labori-

ously thought-out artistic experiment, an attempt to "stretch," to make a rock record with a conservative, orchestral sensibility. The aesthetic politics implicit in all this are annoyingly reactionary; the music it has produced—lush, dreamy and witty—is pretty much first-rate

—Ken Tucker

Ace Frehley
Trouble Walkin'
Atlantic

Kiss
Hot in the Shade
PolyGram

There's this moment on Kiss *Alive* that pretty much sums up the glam-metal sublime that Kiss themselves invented 15 years ago. Paul Stanley screeches, "How many people here like TEQUILA?" The crowd roars, Paul clicks his castanets. "I was talkin' to this guy backstage who said a lotta y'all out there like to drink VAAAWD-KA! with OR-RANGE JUICE!" They—we—roar again, and Paul, God bless him, screams, "But you know, when you're really down, there's just one thing that's gonna pick you up!" We roar, "Cold gin!" Paul goes, "I can't hear you." We roar again, "Cold gin!"

The boys are back in town. Kiss (l-r): Bruce Kulick, Paul Stanley, Gene Simmons and Eric Carr.

Courtesy PolyGram Records

Well, it's cold gin time again. Pete Criss, Kiss's original drummer, is missing in action (at least Beth probably gets to have him home for dinner these days). But lead guitarist Ace Frehley, who left the band years ago, has a new solo LP out (Criss resurfaces for a brief percussion appearance), while Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons still market their own mythology as Kiss with *Hot in the Shade*. Ace's album sounds rawer, definitely closer to the old Kiss in terms of white-blues riffing and chant-along choruses. His hale voice rings out over the lug wrench bass mix. It's a sloppy kind of thud. Ace shreds clever, funny songs like "Five Card Stud" and "Back to School." And he wrestles ELO's "Do Ya" to the floor, flogging all those fey Jeff Lynne tenor harmonies into submission with a boot-heel

Now as for Kiss proper, Paul and Gene, their new record's a lot more polished and diverse. Listen to the swagger of "Prisoner of Love"—none of Ace's blues-isms, no Aerosmith-style horns either, just that clean riff boring into your forehead with staccato major chords and Paul's tense confident vocals. Another tune bashes David Bowie as "a rock'n'roll suicide," as if that pseudo-metal Tin Machine LP pissed Paul and Gene off. Their moral for Bowie lies right there in the title: "The street giveth/And the street taketh away." Of course, the fun is that they're totally ripping off Bowie *in the same song*—each verse starts with a "hey man" straight out of "Suffragette City." But my favorite is the very next tune, a bitter strutter, so generous in delivering the drum fills and harmonies, so ominous with its deliberate tick-tock guitar, you're just mesmerized. And the song goes, "You Love Me to Hate You." Joan Jett, take a bow.

Gene, Paul and Ace will still try anything for fun. Back in the 70s, Gene closed his solo album (remember the little cartoon on the label of Gene drooling blood over the Casablanca logo?) with a tender rendition of "When You Wish Upon a Star." That kind of arrogance, and compromise, may explain why after all the Kiss-clone competition they've faced, Kiss and Ace still earn heartier laughs than anyone else who plays by their rules. So lick it up. It's only *right*, now

—Robert Sheffield

Ian McCulloch
Candleland
Reprise/Warner Bros.

At once solitary and inviting, despondent and mirthful, *Candleland*—the first solo album from former leader of Echo and the Bunnymen, Ian McCulloch—is an intimate memoir, an exploration of love/hate and life/death, a mature confrontation of ego which results in humility. Grand, brittle and precise like vintage Bunnymen, as brutally beautiful as 1984's *Ocean Rain*, *Candleland* takes all the boyhood wonder, the dreamy, wistful contemplations and majestic arrangements (that originally gave McCulloch occasion to call Echo and the Bunnymen "the best rock'n'roll band in the world" and not be ridiculed, at least not to his face) through various rites of adult passage. Now, he's 30, married, and has a child and a nice house in Liverpool. Finally, he has something with which to compare indulgent misery.

The majority of *Candleland*'s lyrics recapture the powerful balance of aggression and sensitivity McCulloch thought he'd wholly lost by the time of 1987's effortless *Echo and the Bunnymen*. His rising, falling intonations (the patented whine/plead perfected) sung through exotic lips still sting, even more acutely now that the practiced anger's gone. On the song "Candleland," against tinkling keyboards, a slow marching drum and twanging guitar, he harmonizes with an angel (Elizabeth Frazer of the Cocteau Twins) in a garden of lament. On "Faith and Healing," a danceable synthesizer veils a heavy sentiment, gracefully coupling pop and drama so that neither is vacant or pompous. And on "Proud to Fall" he sings, "Can't remember when, don't remember whether I ever really told you who I was." It's an unlikely lyric from a man who, for nearly a decade, worked at distancing himself from the very image he cultivated: a brooding, tragic, spiteful icon. But not surprising from a man whose father died suddenly, who quit his band at the peak of its commercial success (and as his contemporaries the Cure and U2 became gargantuan), secluded himself in his basement, endured a premature identity crisis and epic loss, opened the door and found the other side of melancholy. He'd like to reintroduce himself.

—Christian Logan Wright

Billy Bizor
Blowing My Blues Away
Home Cooking

Weldon "Juke Boy" Bonner
The Texas Blues Troubadour
Home Cooking

Where rock reissues seem, more than anything, to illustrate specific moments in the fad-riddled history of our consumer culture, old blues records make convincing ghosts. Both the guys who lead the sessions on these records are ghosts, if ghosts exist. Bonner, a one-man band who made a career of playing an idiosyncratic country-style blues for a transplanted urban crowd, passed away in '78, and Bizor, a harmonica player best known (if you can call it that) as an accompanist for Lightnin' Hopkins, died in '69. Both were Texans who recorded for folk labels during the first Caucasian blues boom approximately 2.5 decades ago; these records were made well after that blues boom had faded from the consumer consciousness, in the latter years of the bandleaders' fairly long lives, in little rooms in Houston with perforated cardboard tiles on the ceiling and carpeting sticky with beer and a stool off in a far corner occupied by wrinkly Old Man Existence.

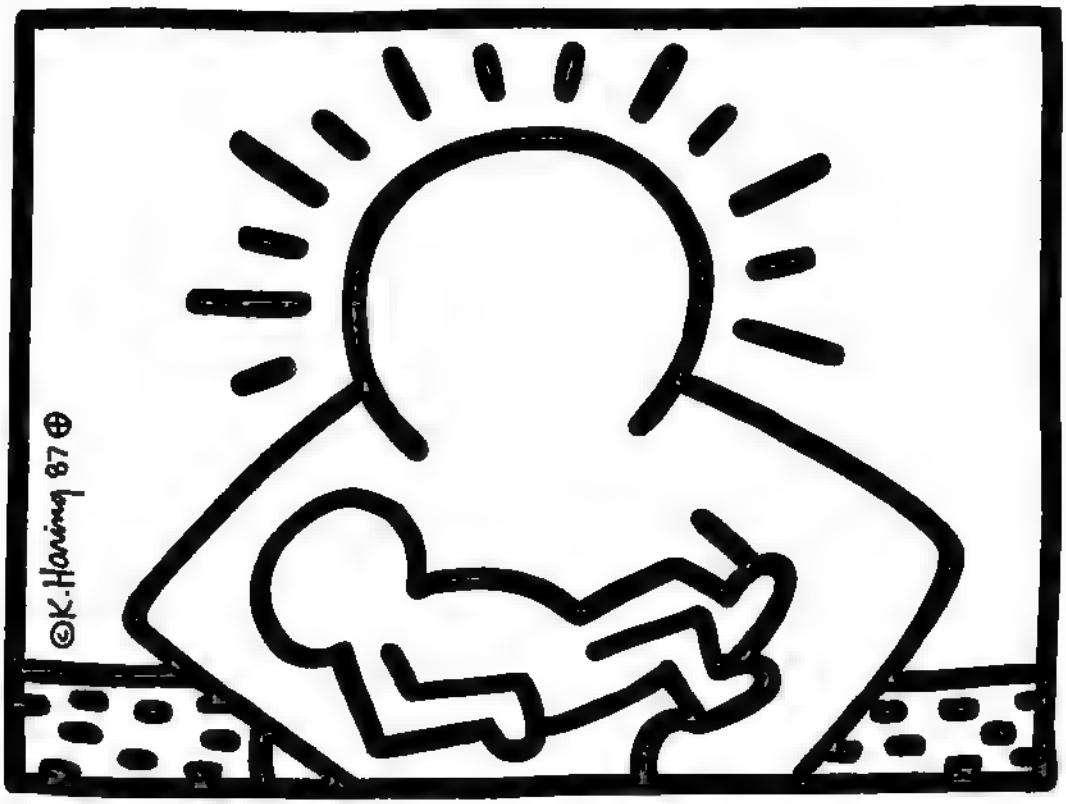
Blowing My Blues Away and *The Texas Blues Troubadour* each have moments on them that render, for the duration of those moments, all—*all*—moot. On Bonner's album, it's a sketch for a song called "Loving Arms." The album also includes the finished version, fleshed out with a loud and slippery electric band; but the demo, with just Bonner's oddly shanked chords, harmonica wheezes and wry voice carrying it, proves—like the ancient country blues it evokes—that music doesn't need electricity to provide a disorienting rush. On Bizor's album the big moment is a monolithic seven-minute, 24-second meditation on a two-note bassline called "Screwdriver." A shambling and electrified juggernaut, it proves—like the not so-ancient blues it evokes—that you don't need a degree in composition to grasp the full power of minimalism.

Both albums contain mostly unissued material, with lots of liner notes and photos that provide some sense of their roots. Most importantly, both are made available by the same little label for whom anyone who loves American music (period) must offer thanks in their prayers each night.

—Don Howland

CHRISTMAS NEVER SOUNDED LIKE THIS BEFORE

A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS



15 CHRISTMAS CLASSICS BY:

Bryan Adams	John Cougar Mellencamp	RUN-D.M.C.
Bon Jovi	Alison Moyet	Bob Seger
Eurythmics	Stevie Nicks	Bruce Springsteen
Whitney Houston	The Pointer Sisters	Sting
Madonna	The Pretenders	U2

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A&M RECORDS

SINGLES

Robert Clayton

Top Ten Singles of the 80s • Column by Frank Owen

It was a **decade** when David Byrne of Talking Heads said, "Black dance production techniques are a more radical breakthrough than punk." A sentiment echoed recently by *Musician*'s Bill Flanagan: "The lesson of the 80s may be that musical trends are now shaped more by delivery systems than any act. The next Elvis or Beatles may be a **technology**."

In the 80s, according to bands like Fine Young Cannibals, New Order and Pet Shop Boys, the next Elvis/Beatles/Sex Pistols was a technology; it was **hip hop** and **house** music, two scenes linked by a common techno aesthetic that grew up around the manipulation and mixing of 12-inch vinyl singles by DJs. Even if you dismiss the "hip hop as the new punk" analogy as a white person's theory about a distinctively African-American phenomenon, you're still left with the fact that the only real new music of the 80s came out on 12-inch singles. The last 10 years have been a golden era of black pop unmatched since the 60s.

It would be a mistake to judge the influence of black dance music singles in the 80s solely by the high chart positions of Run-DMC, Tone Loc and Young MC or by the way that Bobby Brown, New Kids on the Block and Milli Vanilli have adopted hip hop's sounds and styles. Anyone can wear a leather Africa medallion, but a more profound effect on the mainstream can be felt in the way that even the most conventional pop music these days is *constructed* rather than *created*. Contemporary pop—as made in the studios of the 80s—owes more to digital craftwork of layering and building than organic human musical composition.

The way music was produced completely changed, and this shift was felt right across the pop spectrum. In a Singles column earlier this year, John Leland compared John Cougar Mellencamp's "Pop Singer" to a 1978 disco hit, "Boogie Oogie Oogie" by Taste of Honey. He commented that the **drums** and **bass**—the in-your-face quality of which were said to be the defining characteristic of disco—were actually louder on the Mellencamp record. In the 80s, pop went boom as the big bass was everywhere. Public Enemy rapped about it ("Bass, how low can you go?"), Miami named a type of hip hop after it (bass music as exemplified by Luke Skywalker's 2 Live Crew), and Jazzie B from Soul II Soul summed up his group's philosophy with the slogan, "A happy face, a thumpin' bass for a lovin' race."

Hip hop and house not only revolutionized the way pop music was produced but radically changed the way we listened to it as well. The rise of Sony Walkmans, lightweight boom boxes and humongous car stereos contributed to a trend felt most keenly in black dance music—namely, the movement from song-oriented pop to pop as a sort of portable soundtrack that fills the gaps in your everyday existence. In the 80s, pop was music to perform your life to. Along with Derrick May, Mantronik and M/A/R/R/S, it was Todd Terry who took this tendency to its furthest extremes with a string of hot house singles that were little more than a series of sonic special effects strung along a thunderous beat track.

In the middle of the decade Prince was complaining: "Today people don't write songs. There are a lot of sounds, a lot of repetition. That happened when producers took over." But by 1988, Prince was hanging out at Manhattan nightclub the World, checking out house music pioneer DJ Frankie Knuckles. In 1989, he released the enormously successful single "Bat Dance," a Todd Terry-style cut-up track that revitalized his sagging career.

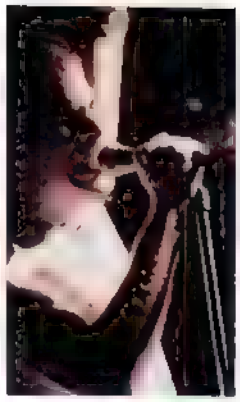
Getting down to the nitty-gritty of naming the best singles of the 80s, any credible list would have to acknowledge such ground-breaking hip hop releases as Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock," Grandmaster Flash's "The Message," Run-DMC's "Sucker MCs," Eric B. and Rakim's "I Know You Got Soul," Public Enemy's "Bring the Noise," Rob Base and DJ E-Z Rock's "It Takes Two" and De La Soul's "Me, Myself and I." In their day, each of these records created their own unique context—all of them are great grooves, naturally, but more than that they each embodied an innovative notion of where hip hop should go next and each, of course, engendered a legion of imitators. While it's certainly true that hip hop is in the process of becoming album-oriented music, it's also true that a coherent history of hip hop in the 80s can be traced using nothing more than these seven singles.

House, on the other hand, is still almost exclusively a singles medium. That's why I make no apology for choosing a relatively obscure Garage-style house track—"Without You" by a New York vocal group called Touch—as my best single of the 80s. In the 60s, Nik Cohn wrote: "The Monotones have meant more to me in one line of 'Book of Love' than Dylan has in the whole of *Blonde On Blonde*." At the end of the 80s, I say that Touch have meant more to me in one line of "Without You" than the complete works of U2.

TOP TEN SINGLES OF THE 80s

1. **Touch**, "Without You" (Supertronics, 1987)
2. **Taana Gardner**, "Heartbeat" (Westend, 1982)
3. **Public Enemy**, "Bring the Noise" (Def Jam, 1987)
4. **Peech Boys**, "Don't Make Me Wait" (Westend, 1982)
5. **Strafe**, "Set It Off" (Jus' Born, 1985)
6. **Rob Base and DJ E-Z Rock**, "It Takes Two" (Profile, 1988)
7. **Ten City**, "Devotion" (Atlantic, 1987)
8. **Ce Ce Rogers**, "Someday" (Atlantic, 1987)
9. **Afrika Bambaataa and the Soul Sonic Force**, "Planet Rock" (Tommy Boy, 1982)
10. **Madonna**, "Like A Prayer" (Warner Bros., 1989)

UNDERGROUND



Clockwise from top left: The Minutemen, Chris D. of the Flesheaters, Borbetomagus, Sylvia Juncosa, and Game Theory.

Monica Dee

Column by Byron Coley

80 Excellent Records of the 80s

Here's a shopping guide for a core library, a list of 80 excellent American "rock" records from the 80s. They aren't necessarily "the best," but an almost infinite number of good sounds can be found in these grooves. In alphabetical order:

A-Bones, *Free Beer for Life* (Norton) Crazy-ass roots rock played with recombo fury and loose, drunk muscle.

Beat Happening, *Beat Happening* (K) The sweetest, non-cliched boy/girl shit ever recorded.

Black Flag, *Damaged* (SST) Still the definitive yowl of suburban psychosis.

Black Sun Ensemble, *Black Sun Ensemble* (Reckless) Stunning and elegant psych instrumentals.

Borbetomagus, *Seven Reasons for Tears* (Purge) Balls-on-the-line improvisation by a combo with enough energy to flatten buildings.

Butthole Surfers, *Cream Corn From the Socket of Davis* (Touch & Go) The most concisely fucked example of extant of post-acid jungle hunch.

Eugene Chadbourne, *Eddie Chatterbox Double Trio Love Album* (Fundamental) Six aspects of my generations' reigning guitar giant displayed for all to see.

Chain Gang, *Mondo Manhattan* (Lost/Twin Tone) A guided tour through the deranged gutters of Times Square.

Copernicus, *Deeper* (Nevermore) Free-ranging rants by the finest philosopher to ever own land in Brooklyn.

Couch Flambeau, *The Day the Music Died* (Couch Flambeau) Truly funny joke punk sung through a very talented nose.

Crystallized Movement, *Mind Disaster* (Twisted Village) Totally over-the-edge guitar damage with no redeeming social content.

Death of Samantha, *Laughing in the Face of a Dead Man* (Homestead) A slab of bombastic, Brit-tinged hammering that tries to infer that punk never happened.

Demo Moe, *Demolish New York* (Maldoror) Three guys trying to blow each other off stage with the force of their improvs.

Die Kreuzen, *Die Kreuzen* (Touch & Go) Hardcore at its most knife-sharp and controlled.

Divine Horsemen, *Snake Handler* (SST) An addictive mix of beauty and grit by a band that should have been huge.

DOS, *DOS* (New Alliance) An album of bass duets containing more subtle, supple beauty than any disk since Coltrane's *Interstellar Space*.

Dream Syndicate, *Days of Wine & Roses* (Ruby/Slash) THE destructo guitar pop record of the early 80s.

Dredd Foole & the Din, *Eat My Dust, Cleanse My Soul* (Homestead) Blaring emotional discharge posing as "mere" garage band freak-out.

Drunks With Guns, *Drunks With Guns* (Chopper) The dirtiest, ugliest set of musical growls you'll ever hear.

Eleventh Dream Day, *Prairie School Freakout* (Amoeba) The disk with which these guys secured dominion over the field of guitar-pop-explosives.

Embarrassment, *Embarrassment* (Time to Develop) Super edgy pop that still sounds great even if it did set the stage for lotsa crummy college bands.

Roky Erickson & the Aliens, *The Evil One* (415) Corrosively weird horror rock beautifully screamed by one of the 60s' best throats and backed by young guys wielding huge riffs.

Johnny Fahey, *I Remember Blind Joe Death* (Rounder) The founder of the American Primitive guitar school returns to form.

Fish & Roses, *Fish & Roses* mini-LP (Lost/Twin Tone) Euro-smart, New York art-rock that owes nothin' to that David Byrne asshole.

Flesheaters, *A Minute to Pray a Second to Die* (Ruby/Slash) Swamp fever metal punk roots nightmare. The decade's ruling disk.

Frogs, *It's Only Right and Natural* (Homestead) Hilarious, weird joke about homosexuality and drugs done up in truly obscure folk rock style.

Galaxie 500, *Today* (Aurora) Everything you ever sorta liked about mid-period J Richman without any of the embarrassing jizz.

Game Theory, *Real Nighttime* (Enigma) Overwhelming swirl of post-Big Star heroin pop.

Giant Sand, *Storm* (What Goes On) The secret history of Neil Young written on the inside of your eyelid with a blowtorch.

Gibson Brothers, *Big Pine Boogie* (Homestead) Crazy hillbillies with glowing pineal glands and keys to the liquor cabinet.

Great Plains, *Naked at the Buy, Sell & Trade* (Homestead) The definitive study of intellectual bums in suburbia.

Green on Red, "Green on Red" EP (Down There/Restless) Arizona's contribution to the Paisley Underground still drank enough to belly-wrestle alligators.

Green River, *Rehab Doll* (SubPop) The inventors of the new Seattle sound perfect their art, then croak

Gun Club, *Fire in Love* (Ruby/Slash) The untoppable record that introduced the slide guitar to the punk milieu

Hali Japanese, *Loud Unmanageable* (import) Noise horns lock arm with noise guitars and vocals in a cry for teen rebellion

Halo of Flies, *Headburn* (Amphetamine Reptile/Twin Tone) Total guitar power with none of the sissified hair-shaking [illegible]

Happy Flowers, *Making the Bunny Pay* (Lately Bunny/Homestay entertainment 1/2) Japan carry the noise-ball a few more yards downfield

Michael Hurley, *Watch Tower* (Fundamental) Funny, oddball folk music by a guy who sounds like he'd make a perfect visiting uncle

Individuals, *Fields* (Plexus) Hoboken's finest hour—a combination of grandiose pop gesturing and introverted confusion

Jandek *Modern Dances* (Corwood) The 80s equivalent of Skip Spence's lost-soul masterpiece, *Oar*

Sylvia Juncosa, *Nature* (SST) The emergence of a new female warrior archetype—half surf goddess, half drugged fo kie

Henry Kaiser, *Those Who Know History Are Doomed to Repeat It* (SST) My generation s *other* guitar giant applying experimental blasting caps to songs you know inside out

Spider John Koerner, *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Been* (Red House) One of the 60s' definitive drunken voices re-emerges with a grotesquely jumpy set of elbow-benders

Lazy Cowgirls, *Tapping the Source* (Bomp) Pure iron-smelting power, blasted out by a buncha Midwesterners who are to the Ramones as DMZ were to the Dolls

Leaving Trains, *Kill Tunes* (SST) James Moreland's tipsy whooping and Manfred Hoser s *serious* downstroking at their respective peaks

Barbara Manning, *Scissors* (Heydey) Timeless, drug-conscious electro-folk featuring the best "fan" song ever

Loren Mazzacane, *Guitar Roberts Bluesmaster* (St. Joans) Blues guitar with female vocals, so skeletal and weirdly illuminated that it almost seems like the ghost of a record

Meat Puppets, *II* (SST) The first evidence that *Anthems of the Sun* and hardcore have a point of synchronicity

Minor Threat, *Out of Step* (Dischord) The loud, anthemic roar of an engine that was born of a pure heart.

Minutemen, *What Makes a Man Start Fires?* (SST) The record on which these guys showed that "punk" was capable of gobbling up all other genres.

Misfits, *Walk Among Us* (Ruby/Slash) The loudest, hardest scree the East Coast ever mustered.

Mofungo, *End of the World Part II* (Lost/Twin Tone) Woodrow Guthrie is discovered living in the sewers of NYC.

MX-80 Sound, *Out of the Tunnel* (Ralph) Incredibly "gone" and angular thud with guitars so dense it was considered heavy metal

Neats, *Monkey's Head in the Corner of the Room* (Ace of Hearts) This is what people wished R.E.M. sounded like.

One Hundred Flowers, *One Hundred Flowers* (Happy Squid) The logical successor to Wire's *Chairs Missing*.

Opal, *Happy Nightmare Baby* (SST) Survivors of the Paisley Underground collapse dismantle Marc Bolan's corpse with crystal power.

Panther Burns, *Behind the Magnolia Curtain* (Rough Trade) The actual bruised rootwork of the Southern muse exposed.

Al Perry & the Cattle, *Cattle Crossing* (Addled) Scummy Southwestern trio of know-it-all hicks with a fuzzbox.

Plasticland, *Wonder Wonderful Wonderland* (Pink Dust/Enigma) "You're soaking in it"-type recreation and advancement of 60s Brit psych.

Plugz, *Better Luck* (Fatima) Reformed cholo-punks play richly stroked rocks fulla hooks and harmonics

Psycho Daisies, *Sonically Speaking* (Resonance) Floridian needlers rewrite *Cocksucker Blues* to include the Stooges.

Pussy Galore, *Dial 'M' For Motherfucker* (Caroline) The final, gravelly shovel of dirt thrown on the Cramps' coffin.

Saccharine Trust, *Worldbroken* (SST) Improvised splat-rock-as-jazz overlaid with zip gun prophesying.

Salvation Army, *Salvation Army* (Frontier) The sweetest, punky smoke the Paisleys ever emitted.

Savage Republic, *Tragic Figures* (Independent Project) A seminal combination of strange guitar tunings, pounding percussion and mysterious shouting.

Sister Ray, *Random Violence* (Resonance) Amphetamine strength guitar chords driven across Ohio plains like so many goddamn mules.

Sonic Youth, *Daydream Nation* (Blast First/Enigma) Classic expansionist rock.

Peter Stampfel & Steve Weber, *Going Nowhere Fast* (Rounder) A sick-minded attack on folk traditions by a pair of guys who know exactly what they're doing.

Suckdog, *Drugs Are Nice* (Suckdog) An album that lives up to its title.

Swans, *Filth* (Neutral) Their last "rock" record is a work of nearly unstoppable scunge.

Russ Tolman, *Totem Poles and Glory Holes* (Down There/Restless) Perhaps the floatin'est West Coast guitar outing since Cipollina's days with Quicksilver.

Turbines, *Last Dance Before Highway* (Big Time) Pants-down, string-burnt, roots-chunk that will set you keister aflame

Volcano Suns, *Farced* (SST) Proof that these wahoos can stop their pound'n' yammer long enough to pass the bong.

Walkabouts, *Cataract* (Subpop) Piledriving non-wimp folk-rock for people scared of the genre's connotations.

Wipers, *Youth of America* (Park Avenue) Minimalist spiral constructions for psychedelic guitar player and assistants.

World of Pooh, *The Land of Thirst* (Nuf Sed) Scrambled, druggy version of what folk rock might've evolved into if all the world were the Haight.

X, *Los Angeles* (Slash) Lotsa great lyrics, two great vocalists, one great band—the sonic boom that made non-locals take the LA scene seriously.

Yo La Tengo, *President* (Coyote/Twin Tone) Pop as guitar-fueled destruction and vice versa. This band is currently one of the world's best.

Cassettes? No. Love beads? Sure P.O. Box 301 W. Sommerville, MA 02144.

Mötley Crüe from page 53

seen my old lady in over a month.

"I'm just always searching for the ultimate thrill. We've been doing this racing circuit, these Dodge Daytona cars, Vince and I. We got dirt bikes and we're always tryin' to hurt ourselves. We got some kind of death wish, I guess."

Vince and Tommy collect weaponry as a hobby and give each other machine guns for Christmas. Tommy has an Uzi, an AK-47, a Belgian FNC, and an assortment of handguns. During breaks in their schedule, Vince and Tommy head down to Skip Barber's School of Racing in West Palm Beach, where they learn how to come out of a slide at 150 mph and *live*. Next is drag-racing school.

Tommy, Vince and Nikki drive big Harley hogs: Tommy, an '86 Springer Softail, stroked out to over 90 cubic inches, custom chrome. Nikki has bikes for two personalities—a cream-and-green-colored '86 Heritage with an FLH front end and knucklebars; and an '89 Springer Softail with a tiny tank, apehangers, a sissy-bar, and turned-up pipes, painted white with flames. Vince, the standard chromed Sportster, which is basically a huge engine with wheels. Mars drives a 'Vette.

Tommy Lee: "I'm always searching for the ultimate thrill."

"I get really amped before I play my drums," bubbles Tommy. "But a drummer, man, I always think there's something wrong with the cat, because he beats the shit out of something for a living. So I always wonder about myself, like, 'Man, am I sure I'm O.K.? I sure am taking a lot of aggression out on my drum kit every night.' "

"If anything, rock'n'roll is the answer," says Nikki. "That hour and 45 minutes onstage is the best that my life ever is. It's complete."

Tommy goes on. "I been tryin' to work on it, but I have real low self-esteem. I'm such a fuckin' perfectionist that I don't seem to impress myself, then my self-worth goes to fuckin' shit . . . I been doing a lot of soul-searching. I'd always break shit before. Why do I react like that? Why do I fuckin' freak out when we have a bad show?

"I'm not into killing shit. I'm not violent with people. It's this drum thing, it's smashing, pounding, breaking, exploding. When we do our show in the States, we have this fuckin' psychotic pyro show. And we're all way into the pyro thing . . . the whole stage just goes BOOOOMM! and, man, I just lose my fuckin' mind! I *love* the sound of exploding or breaking! It's like your motorcycle; it ain't fuckin' happening if it's not fuckin' loud. If not, why bother? That's why people get a bike—for the vibrations, the sound, the fuckin' fire shootin' out the pipes—the fuckin' shit!"

Nikki and I are in my room at the Sheraton in Gothenburg, Sweden, sharing a tête-à-tête with two of the loveliest girls I've ever seen in my life. The topic, of course, is drugs. As the drinks are paid for Nikki suddenly dives toward the TV and cranks it all the way. "(If You See Me Gettin' High) Knock Me Down" is on, the new Red Hot Chili Peppers video.

"I am so *into this*!" Nikki practically screams, his eyes bugging out. The girls are forgotten. "Dude, the story is the guitar player was hooked on smack, and then, like, the guy O.D.'d. The band felt like total shit. But look at them, man!! *Total abandon*!" Nikki clenches his fists and rolls his eyes toward the ceiling. You can see right through to his bones. THIS is what he wants—what all of the Crüe want. Time out of mind. Oblivion. On the screen, Anthony Kiedis and the Chilies are not only bouncing off the walls like hornets, but they all look like punk bodybuilders on speed, like bulked-up Tommy Lees.

Nikki unconsciously grabs his own junkie-thin midriff.

"That is so *tuff*! I want to look like that. I've always had this fire. I could never get rid of it. I was always so *tight*, man! I drank and took drugs so I could just chill out.

"I'm this guy who finds romance in prostitutes, when I talk to them. I really relate to junkies and street people. And I'm not from the street anymore. I live in a really beautiful house, I have a nice car, a beautiful life . . . I will find myself drawn towards people who've had a harder life than I have. I almost resent people with the candy-coated life."

"Because you had it pretty tough?"

"Yeah. And not as hard—believe it or not—not as hard as maybe I would have liked it. And people go, 'Well, how much harder could your life have been?' And I go, 'I don't know, maybe I could have come from a *worse* place, to make it.' Sometimes that fire is also a wall. I'm just learning, at 30 years old, to put my wall down and let people in.

"So many people, that rebellion in them is like all the way up till college—even yuppies, let's say—then they're, like, castrated by society. Then they're like castrated dogs, they're calm and they do as they're told to do. That fire is just pushing you. I don't know what's at the end of the tunnel. I don't know what's in the light. If I knew, maybe I'd be castrated. Maybe there is no answer; it's just unused aggression."

Abortion from page 37

ease, divorce . . . it's just not so. Sex is meant for marriage."

The kids brainstormed about how they could halt sexual permissiveness. Beth suggested, "Maybe we should raise money for billboards that read 'Say No to Sex.' " Sister Paula passed out little paper pamphlets with titles like "Many Teens Are Saying No" and "Second Virginity; A New Beginning." Kelli groaned, reading from the section on birth control in "Safe Sex Can Kill You." "Boy, this is depressing, it even says condoms aren't safe. And just look at what it says about the pill!" She grimaced at Reba who raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Yeah, well maybe they're exaggerating the negative a little bit because they figure we won't believe them," Reba comforted her. "That's what I'd do."

At the pro-life pep rally that evening, Janie Springer was leaning against the water fountain. "Music is the number-one reason kids get into Satanism," she confided "Most devil worship starts through music. I know this because some boys in my class are into really heavy stuff. Great White, Guns N' Roses. Guns N' Roses is a devil-worshipping group. Most of the kids here are just into the beat, but . . . ," she trailed off.

"I've got a lion in my pocket, and baby he is ready to roar," Prince belted out over the PA. The chaperones were watching the kids indulgently, but a little uneasily, like maybe this chastity party was getting out of hand. "This music changes you," Janie continued "I've had enough experiences with rock'n'roll to know. When I hear it I feel a change come over me." It must have happened sooner than she expected, a few minutes later she had joined her buddies on the dance floor

Two girls, each wearing gold pins shaped like two little feet replicating a three-month-old fetus's feet—emerged from the women's room in the lobby. They were arguing about whether condom dispensers are immoral. From the lobby, strains of "Twist and Shout" mingled with the righteous melody of "Jesus Never Fails." John Cougar Mellencamp's crooning added to the cacophony from the hotel's Monsoon Lounge.

When organizers learned the Holiday Inn stocked R-rated movies, they moved the convention across the state line.

Ritchie sat in his wheelchair chatting with some kids, looking relaxed and happy. He was wearing a navy sweatshirt with a picture of a large fetus's head superimposed over a graveyard full of crosses. "The Price of Freedom Has Gotten Too High" was printed above the scene.

On the dance floor the kids had formed a sloppy circle and were batting the fetus balloons back and forth. Two of the boys started jumping on the balloons, shrieking and giggling as they popped It caught on; soon the music was peppered with the sound of the exploding balloons. Joan Jett was spitting "I Hate Myself for Loving You" and more kids joined in the dance Rubber debris covered the floor.

Belinda Carlisle from page 45

used to feel *totally* guilty about it. I don't really know what it's like to struggle. I've always been very fortunate

Who were your buddies in the Go-Go's?
Gina and Kathy are the two girls I hung out with. They were my partners in crime and trouble. Especially Kathy

Were all of you strung out on drugs?
They've all gone through . . . not exactly the same problems, but everybody has had to deal with, you know, I think leftovers and . . . shit. We grew up in public and went through a lot, good and bad No one handled success that well. Jane sort of isolated herself. My thing was drugs Charlotte's thing was drugs. And Kathy and Gina, I feel badly about, because they were sort of left with trying to keep things together.

All of the Go-Go's except Jane sing back up on "Shades Of Michelangelo" on your new album. What's all this noise about a full-fledged Go-Go's reunion?
We talk about it. I can never see us doing a record because I wouldn't want to try to repeat anything we've done in the past. That would be impossible But we've been throwing around the idea of maybe getting together and doing a show, a benefit for AIDS or animal rights or something. It's a very appealing notion to me. I think it would be a blast. We think of how hysterical it would be to play those songs again It would be like an acid trip. So *weird*

The girls—Jeannine, Katie, Dana and Belinda—want to shop. They pile back into the limo outside of MTV and tell the driver to take them to Barney's, a chic, hip Manhattan department store on 17th Street. They're all hungry They all think they're fat. They skip food. On the way downtown, Katie and Belinda start to gab.

"Joan Jett says hi," says Katie, who is a good friend of Jett's.

"Ohhhh, tell her I said hi," says Belinda. "Do you ever see her?"

"Oh, like, everyday."

"Could you, please, please give her a message in case she didn't get my letter?" asks Belinda

"She didn't get a letter from you."

"I sent her a letter about something that was quoted from me that she took the wrong way and I think she got kind of hurt by it."

"She's very sensitive," says Katie

"It was completely taken out of context, so she should really know about that You *know* that I was a huge fan of the Runaways because I was there every show"

"Do you want to call her right now on the car phone?"

"No, I can't. But would you please tell her that?"

"Sure"

"In case she didn't get my letter. How is she?"

"She's doing great."

"You know, she goes back to the old days. I used to see her when she lived on Sunset. She had the perfect apartment right across the street from the Whiskey We'd go over there and hang out in this parking lot across the street from her house and then drink and then go to the Whiskey."

"She's changed," says Katie "She walks around with a bottle of Perrier now"

"We used make pee popsicles at her house and serve them to people we didn't like," says Belinda, a devilish grin on her face

Squeals of shocked laughter.

"That's when I met Kent," she continues. "He used to chase everybody around her apartment with a big butcher knife. It was the years when Quaaludes were around and it was just . . . *wild* I used to do acid every weekend. And then MDA. Remember MDA? [whispering] *Oh, that was such a good drug* [laughing] It was *sooo good* I got pretty strung out on that."

"Well ecstasy is MDMA," says Katie."There's one more molecule in it or something."

"It was pretty groovy, that's all I gotta say. [whispering] I had a boyfriend that dealt it. That was such a long time ago. I could never even fathom. . . . drugs are boring now. Is Joan clean?"

"Totally," says Katie.

"She looks great."

Inside Barney's, Belinda goes off for a spin around the store on her own. After about 15 minutes, she comes back to find Katie getting a facial. So she and Jeannine go to look at children's clothes.

"I want a kid," says Belinda.

"I can't believe you said that!" yells Jeannine.

"Morgan's been talking about it a lot more than I have. It'll happen."

Morgan and Belinda walk into the party looking like the hip yuppies that they are. Morgan, after all, was one of the producers of *sex, lies and videotape*, the hip yuppie movie of year He has shoulder-length hair, and wears funky horn-rims and a baggy suit. Belinda is still all in black, but it's a completely different outfit. Jeannine is in tow

The party itself is in a strange location: the basement of a grungy, typically tacky, Chinese restaurant (ironically called Yun Luck) tucked into a little alley in the heart of Chinatown. The usual suspects are in attendance: radio people, a few journalists, a few photographers, distributors and lots of record company folk. Katie Valk runs around playing hostess. Former spandex rock relic turned producer Ellen Shipley is there with her husband and kid. Shipley coproduced with Rick Nowels some of the songs on Belinda's second album, *Heaven*. She's also coproduced the debut album of Charlotte Caffey's new girl-band, the Graces. On *Runaway Horses*, Nowels and Shipley have much of the writing and producing credit, and Shipley's big voice swells up out of the album in many places, filling out notes for Belinda.

Shortly after Belinda's arrival, the new album begins to blare out of four big black speakers that were imported for the occasion. It is not an uninteresting record. George Harrison plays guitar on two songs, Bryan Adams sings backup on one track, and there is, of course, a near Go-Go's reunion on the last song.

Sitting at a table in the corner with her girlfriends from earlier in the day, Belinda is rolling her eyes. "I can't *believe* they're playing this," she says. "I'm so self-conscious." All of a sudden, forcing that exaggerated vibrato that she's now famous for, Belinda begins to sing along to her own music Ellen Shipley, who is seated at the table next to her, trying to tame her wild child, turns around and says, kiddingly, "I love it when your voice shakes." Then, pinching her vocal cords between two fingers, and making a face that seems to say, *What is this bubble gum?* Belinda sings a few more lines, shaking her voice—literally—with her hand. It is the most marvelous display of self-mockery: an act that could only come from a person who likes who they are.

Eco-Rock from page 40

12 months later Lowery sees things no differently: "Anytime a corporate industry like pop music embraces a cause like environmentalism, it's bound to be done in a shallow way. . . . A lot of people think that all they have to do is listen to these eco-rock bands and everything is taken care of."

Julia Fordham has little time for such cynicism: "I can't imagine any pop star jumping on the bandwagon for the sake of their own gain. After all, Bob Geldof's career has quite definitely been in decline since his gallant organization of Live Aid. And Sting, it is rumored, hasn't written a note since visiting the rain forests. It's not a fad, it's a cause. Let's make change happen."

At heart, the green message for the 90s is that the earth is being buried alive by the rubbish of consumer culture. "Modern man has made a garbage dump of paradise," is how Greenpeace puts it.

We produce seven times more goods today than we did in 1950. The ever-increasing, spiraling logic of our consumer society—based as it is on high velocity waste and perpetual revolutions in taste—has got to stop. People have to get used to a more frugal, less commodity-oriented lifestyle.

O.K., so hamburgers are out—the demand for cheap beef is the major reason why the Amazonian rain forests are being cleared for cattle ranching—but what about rock'n'roll? From its beginnings in the 50s, rock'n'roll was one of the ways young people were educated in the culture of consumption. These days, pop is consumerism's experimental laboratory—the place where new fashions, slogans and states of consciousness are worked out before being mass-marketed in the mainstream. How can pop be a suitable vehicle for communicating eco-awareness when it is the very pulse of consumerism? Isn't there a massive contradiction between being part of an industry—the music business—that is renowned for its excess, hysteria and exploding fads, and the green message of conservation?

Madonna: "Every second an area the size of a football field is gone forever. At this rate the entire forest will be gone in 50 years. The forest gives us life; we've got to find a way to preserve it."

In a recent edition of *Roll Call* magazine—the Washington, DC based Congressional newspaper—R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe criticizes what he calls "skin-deep ecology". "I work and create in a very disposable environment—pop music. It is a genre that by definition does not lend itself to deep thought or reflection. The very format of pop music is pretty much defined by its transient nature (Top 10 today, gone tomorrow) . . . A new major obstacle to positive change is the tendency of companies and lawmakers to approach the environment as a trend, fad, buzzword. . . . The biggest danger to the environment movement seems to be the risk of it becoming co-opted so that it becomes nothing more than a marketing strategy."

Speaking to SPIN, following the band's recent Washington, DC eco-benefit—organized by Georgia Senator Wyche Fowler to honor R.E.M.'s work with environmental groups—Stipe adds, "There are huge contradictions when pop stars support environmental causes. On one hand, the arts and entertainment industry has always offered society an alternative way of looking at itself: the political cutting edge has always been expressed through the arts whether painting, music, theater or film. And yet, taking the music industry as an example, there's a tremendous amount of environmentally destructive waste—my entire career is based on vinyl and plastic. Without that I'm useless, without electricity I'm useless."

And as for the question of how sincere pop stars are when they declare themselves to be green: "To a degree, sincerity and pop music are completely contradictory. The sincerity almost doesn't matter—it's the fact that a message is put out that's important. In the same way that political leaders at the beginning of the civil rights movement were forced to say, 'I'm not a racist,' whether they believed it or not, the fact was, that message was thrown into the mass consciousness and people got to the point where they accepted it."

R.E.M. encourage regional environmental groups to distribute literature, solicit donations and sign up volunteers at their concerts. They also give financial support to groups like the Nature Conservancy, Environmental Defense Fund and Greenpeace. R.E.M.'s management offices in Athens, Georgia, use only recycled paper and recycle all plastics, glass and aluminum. "We use pens that contain toxic ink," says Stipe. "But that's life—you can't get a pen that isn't toxic yet. We're not perfect but we do what we can."

On a personal level, Stipe is equally eco-conscious: "I recycle everything, I've done that for years. I've been a vegetarian for years. I don't use products that are boycotted. I try not to use disposable products. But there are what I call the insurmountable facts of life: I have to have a car to drive around. I have to have plastic to see because without plastic I'm blind. You can't be real Utopian about these problems, you have to be practical and say, 'Here is where I draw the line.' I've drawn my line pretty strictly. I don't use paint that is toxic to the environment when I fix up my house. I have a construction company that is working on building now and they use all nontoxic alternatives to what is presently the norm in the construction industry."

Mike D. of the Beastie Boys unwittingly summed up eco-rock's appeal when he recently said: "In the 60s everyone got into experimenting and questioning the rules. All of a sudden it became a clean slate. The effect of this was in the 70s when everybody would do a bunch of coke and freak out and swap wives and go to Plato's Retreat. The aftermath of that is the 80s, which gives you music you can go to Alcoholics Anonymous by."

Eco-rock is post-orgy pop—pop after the great social and sexual convulsions of the late 60s and the cocaine-driven hedonism of the late 70s. Eco-rock is pop atoning for its past excesses; a kinder, gentler form of pop; pop cleaning up its act. Love it or loathe it, eco-rock has history on its side.

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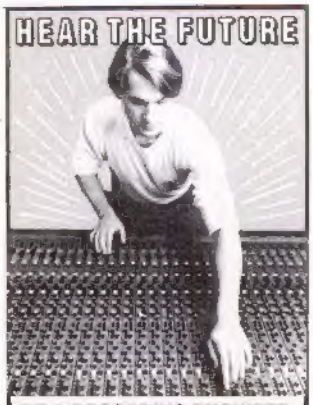

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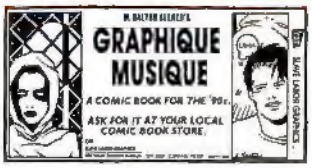

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The First Ten Days

Article by D.J. Samuels

Illustration by Kingman Huie

	If Axl Rose Were President	If Run-DMC Were President	If David Byrne Were President
DAY ONE	Guns N' Roses break up: Slash barred from White House.	Oval office remodeled in shape of a giant speaker.	President collaborates with Philip Glass on multimedia audio-visual presentation featuring shapes and animals for cheering throngs at inauguration.
DAY TWO	President spends all day in Lincoln bedroom, thinking.	President denounces "sucker MC s" who "rip our raps" in inaugural address.	Margaret Thatcher visits White House; appears at press conference wearing 10 foot tall dress.
DAY THREE	President still in Lincoln bedroom.	Jam-master made Cabinet level position.	Byrne declines invitation to Moscow; says "I'm sick of touring."
DAY FOUR	Guns N' Roses get back together.	First Lady replaced by posse of fly bitches.	Tina Weymouth and Chris Franz announce plans to reform Tom Tom Club and tour Azerbaijan.
DAY FIVE	President presides over state dinner for Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Ghandi, has pleasant conversation about problems of Third World.	Elderly recipients collapse under weight of 10 pound Presidential Medallion of Honor at awards ceremony on White House lawn.	Byrne meets with Chancellor Helmut Kohl of West Germany; Kohl subsequently tells press that he found new President "odd" and that he liked early Talking Heads music better than their later work.
DAY SIX	President warns that while Guns N' Roses are still together, it will not stay that way if members of the band continue dancing with Mr. Brownstone in the White House mess.	A jubilant Joe "Run" Simmons spends the day walking over every inch of floor space in the White House clad only in a pair of battered Adidas sneakers.	Brian Eno appointed as new Chief of Staff; White House resounds with eerie electronic music; President neglects affairs of state.
DAY SEVEN	President pays unannounced visit to inner-city housing project. Slash dangles black child on knee while speaking feelingly about homelessness and unemployment among minority groups.	Unable to adjust his rhyme scheme, a frustrated Jesse Jackson retires from public life.	President announces that from now on all legislation must be phrased in 6/4 salsa rhythm. Tito Puente appointed Speaker of the House.
DAY EIGHT	Guns N' Roses breaks up. President invites Bob Dole to join new supergroup featuring Peter Gabriel, Tracy Chapman, Youssou N'Dour and Sting.	Making repeated references to his "fresh cuts" and "cool hand at the microphone stand," Senator Bob Dole invites Run-DMC to join him in a blues-rap fusion project and is turned down; Elizabeth Dole has "no comment" on the matter.	Bob Dole invites President to join new disco-fusion group featuring Byrne, himself and Adrian Belew. When Byrne refuses, Dole announces that he will form group anyway, and that everyone knows that *Rei Momo* was "not Mr. Byrne's best work."
DAY NINE	In televised news conference, President slams Congressional leaders for inaction on social legislation. "If we don't do something to help ourselves," he states, "the Nips might end up running the show."	L.L. Cool J's 12-inch single "I Can't Live Without My Radio" appointed to fill empty Senate seat from Missouri.	Byrne announces that he is forming a new band, which will include Brian Eno and Elizabeth Dole.
DAY TEN	Responding to criticism of use of the word "Nips" to refer to the Japanese, President widens his remark to include "niggers, fags, and all the wetback foreigners out to get me." Exchange of diplomatic notes escalates; world destroyed in nuclear holocaust.	Angry President instructs Mikhail Gorbachev to "stop dis-ing me and my posse of advisors"; chastened Premier promises "great improvement in bilateral relations."	Stating that "nations are concepts that we can play with," Byrne announces that the United States is "nowhere and everywhere, all over the world." Angry Russian Premier threatens war.

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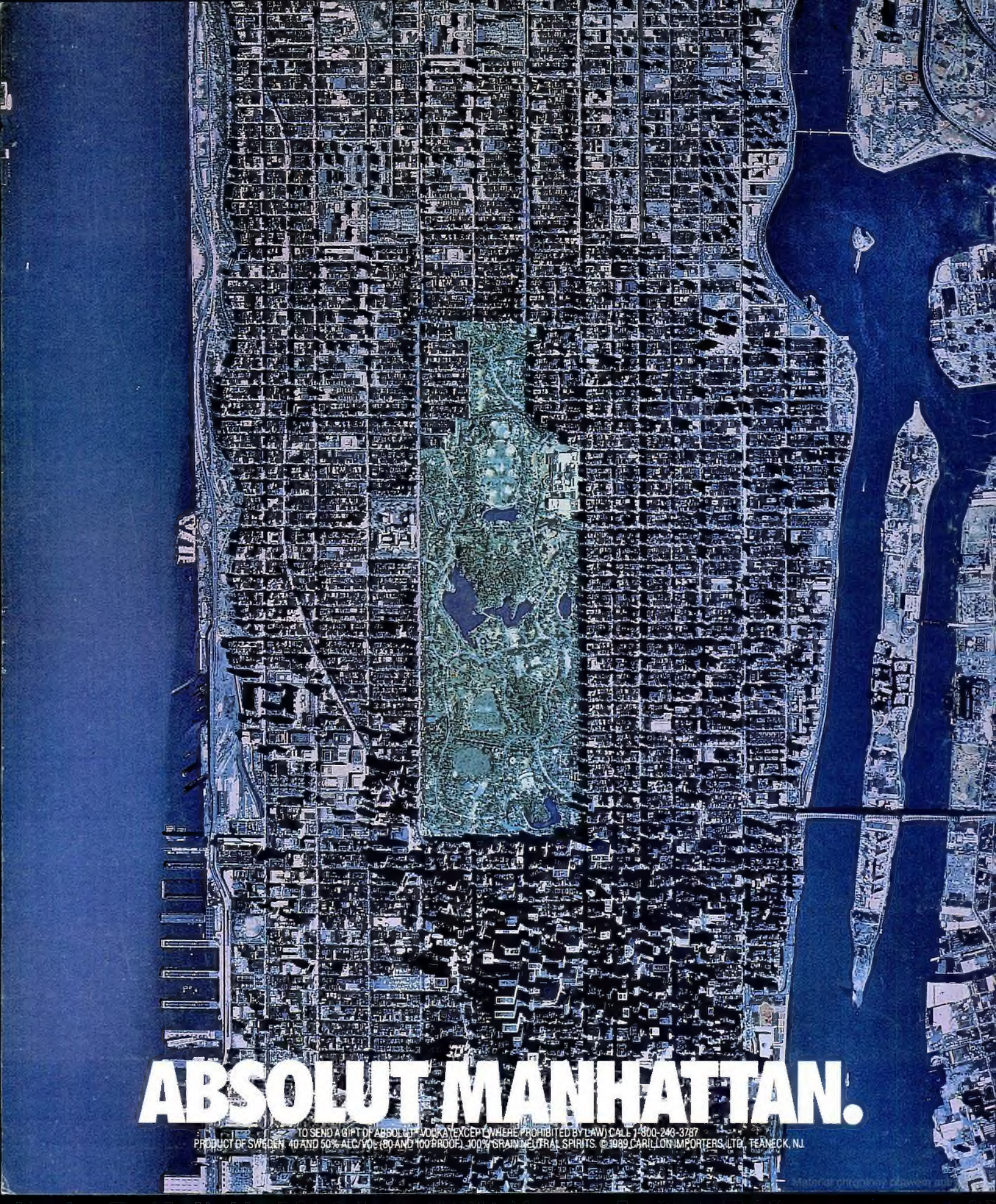
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